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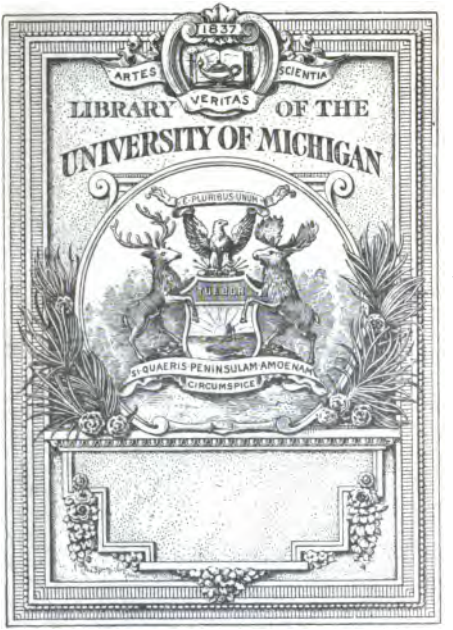
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APPROPRIATE SUBJECT HEADINGS

PHILADELPHIA
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PUBLISHERS

Wit and Humor of the American Pulpit

A COLLECTION FROM VARIOUS SOURCES
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PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
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Wit and Humor of the American Pulpit

CHAPTER I

Clerical Repartee

An Apt Reply

If brevity be the soul of wit, as we are assured, then some of the many bright impromptus of the clergy, as a class, would serve to crown them with the halo of true humor. The "retort courteous" has obtained in sacred things from the days of the Founder of Christianity down to the present, some of the most apt and wittiest replies on record having originated with the clergy; and who shall gainsay that souls may not be won by a witty word in season?

For instance, what could be better than the following apt reply:

A minister who goes to church in a carriage

on Sundays received an anonymous letter calling his attention to the fact that the Lord never rode to church in a carriage. The minister read the letter from the pulpit and then said:

"If the writer will come to me next Sunday, properly saddled and bridled, I will be glad to follow the Lord's example, and come to church as He entered the city of Jerusalem!"

He Was Used to It

A certain clergyman who was traveling stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. At table, the guests used all their raillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors.

One of them at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me!"

A Sharp Rebuke

Once upon a time, Rev. Dr. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, diplomatist, writer, raconteur, and several other attractions, was at a railroad restaurant table. Opposite there sat a very elaborate gentleman who showed plainly that he was not pleased with the democracy of his surroundings. Dr. Bedloe was doing much better, and was almost enjoying the viands, notwithstanding he had fed on Clover Club spreads and had intimate relations with a Boldt bill-of-fare.

During the feast, the Doctor wanted one of the condiments which had wandered over to the other side of the table, and he asked the elaborate person to hand it to him.

"I am no waiter, sir," replied the E. P., with freezing hauteur.

"Oh, I know that," responded Dr. Bedloe breezily, reaching for what he had asked for. "A waiter has to have much better manners than you have."

Like Judas Iscariot

The retorts made by ministers to scoffers or unbelievers would fill many pages. A certain good priest was once riding in a street-car in New York, and in passing a very handsome and

ornate church, a fellow passenger turned to him and said:

"If these Christians would stop building fine churches and give the money to the poor, it would be much more to their credit."

"I've heard that remark before," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Indeed! and by whom, may I ask?"

"Judas Iscariot!" was the crushing answer.

Had Read All About Him

Much to the point was the reply made by an old preacher of the Word to a blatant infidel who was loudly proclaiming his disbelief in the Deity.

"Yes, yes; I've read all about you, my friend," said the good man.

"Where, pray?"

"In that Bible you affect to despise. It says: 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.' I guess you must be a great big fool, for you blat it right out loud!"

With Adam and Eve

There lived in the town where the Rev. Dr. Emmons was pastor, a physician tinctured with the grossest forms of pantheism, who declared

that if he ever met Dr. Emmons he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the home of a patient.

The physician abruptly asked Dr. Emmons: "How old are you, sir?"

The doctor, astonished at his rudeness, quietly replied, "Sixty-two; and may I ask, sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since the creation," was the pantheist's reply.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "we know there was a third person present."

A Forecast of Rain

A delightful story has been told of an old-fashioned bishop who, on receiving some guests, was horrified to see a precious weather-glass flung down by a servant who was handing one of his visitors a chair. The servant was covered with confusion, and the gentleman to whom he had attended began to express his concern and regret. It was a fine opportunity, and the bishop did not miss it.

"Pray, don't let it trouble you," he said. "In fact, it comes in the nick of time. We have had a distressingly dry season, and now we may expect rain; for I have never seen the glass so low before!"

Nothing Unusual

When one apologized to the Rev. Charles Marriott by saying, "I'm afraid I made a fool of myself last night," it could not have been very comforting to hear him reply: "My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual."

Seven Good Reasons

Bishop Willard Francis Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is opposed to the diminutive salaries that congregations, able to do better, sometimes pay their pastors.

"I once knew an excellent young man," said Bishop Mallalieu one day in Boston. "He was in the church, just married, on a small salary, but contented and happy.

"Some twelve or fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of this young minister—forgotten him, as we will do sometimes—when suddenly I

met him on Tremont Street, dressed well, but not at all clerically.

"We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently.

"'What church?' said I.

"'Oh,' said he, 'no church—the wholesale hat business.'

"'But why did you leave the church?' I asked.

"'For seven reasons,' said he.

"'And what,' said I, 'were they?'

"'A wife,' he answered, 'and six children.'"

Dry Goods

Bishop Watterson of Nebraska was once mistaken for a traveling salesman by one who met him in a railway train.

"Do you represent a big house?" asked the traveler of the Bishop.

"Biggest on earth," replied the Bishop.

"What's the name of the firm?"

"Lord and Church."

"Hum! Lord and Church! Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world."

"That's queer. Never heard of them. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No."

"Oh, dry goods, I suppose."

"Yes, they call my sermons that sometimes!"

Spiritual Lines

It is told of an eminent Bishop that he was once mistaken for a salesman, and when asked what line he represented replied, "Spiritual."

"Is that so?" said his questioner. "My, what an awful price you've run gin up to."

His Father Held a Different Opinion

The Bishop of Massachusetts was noted for his ready wit, and one night he was entertained at dinner.

Near the Bishop there was a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal, and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. One of this man's jokes was leveled at the brilliant Bishop, whom he did not know from Adam. It was enough for him that the Bishop's garb was clerical. Here was a parson; here, therefore, a chance to poke a little fun at the parson's trade.

"I have three sons," he began, in a loud tone nudging his neighbor and winking towards

the Bishop—"three fine lads. They are in business. I had always said that if I ever had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him."

The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the Bishop said to him, with a quiet smile:

"Your father thought differently from you, eh?"

The Middle Course

"I've been told, your Grace, that a bit of rouge heightens a woman's charm," said a little lady to Archbishop Ryan while he was visiting a fashionable woman's college on the occasion of his golden jubilee. "And I've also been told," she exclaimed, "that it is awfully wrong to use rouge. Won't you please give me the right rule, your Grace?" the girl asked, her sparkling eyes trying to divine whether she had touched a mortal spot in the old prelate's moral code.

The Archbishop looked the little lady over and a smile lit up his face.

"Some," said the Archbishop, "hold that there is nothing pernicious in a little rouge, while others regard the use of this cosmetic as very vulgar. To me, it seems that it is best, in all things of this nature, to take the middle

course. You don't comprehend? Well, my dear little one, try it. Just you take the middle course. Paint one cheek only."

High Church and Low

A few years ago the Episcopal diocese of Kentucky appeared to be torn with dissensions about High and Low Church views. The Bishop of the diocese at that time unfortunately allowed his sympathies to be drawn out to one of these parties as against the other, and thereafter, becoming disheartened and discouraged, resigned the Bishopric.

The next incumbent, when called to the diocese, was determined to ignore these dissensions, and, if possible, to harmonize his people and bring them into the broad liberal views of the Church.

For some time neither of these parties was able to discover whether his sympathies were with one or the other party, until, an occasion presenting itself in a social circle, a lady (with the curiosity of her sex) said: "Bishop, what are your views? We cannot find out. Are you High Church or Low Church?"

Instantly the Bishop replied, "Madam, I am High, Low, Jack, and the Game!"

It is needless to add there were no further dissensions. The game was won; Jack was forgotten. High and Low, rich and poor, came into harmony under his ministry.

Apostolic Succession Explained

A witty rejoinder, besides being a sacerdotal fact throwing much light on the vexed question of the "Apostolic Succession," comes from California, and shows how, from the nettle "danger," safety may be plucked by an apt retort:

An old lady belonging to one of the sects, on meeting the Episcopal rector said, "Pray, Mr. Matthews, will you tell me what you Episcopalians mean by the 'Apostolic Succession'?"

"Certainly, my dear madam," replied the rector, who was a little given to practical jokes. "You see, my name is Matthews. I am descended from Matthew the Publican."

"Oh!" she answered, "that is excellent; and how about Mr. James?"

"Why, don't you know—James, the brother of John, sons of Zebedee?"

"Why, yes, certainly; but how about Bishop Green?"

This puzzled our reverend friend for an in-

stant, but he soon brightened, and replied, "Why, Bishop Green derived the succession through his mother's family."

Predestination

Two good men, ministers both, were discussing the trials of the missionary in savage lands, and after an hour's sifting of the obstacles in the way of those who give up home and comfort for duty, one of them rose to leave.

"It all comes down to one point, after all," he said. "You can't force both predestination and shirts on the heathen at the same time."

How to Reach Them

There is a story as to the probable effects of the hot as compared with the frigid style of preaching among the inhabitants of Labrador. It seems that an old missionary, who had been many years in that country, was at length compelled to return, his influence all gone and his mission entirely fruitless. A young man, who was just fledging into the ministerial status, was appointed in his place; and before he went to his assignment, he thought he would visit his venerable predecessor and learn from him the cause of his trouble in the land of icebergs. The old man received him very cordially.

"My venerable brother," said the young man, "I wish you to tell me the cause of your difficulty, that I may avert a like failure. Must I preach to them a hell that is hot?"

"No, my young friend," said the old missionary, laying his hand on his brother's arm. "No, that was the rock I split on. I preached it very warm to them, and they rather liked the idea of going there. I think if you preach them a hell fifty degrees colder than Labrador you will drive them all to repentance!"

If He Had a Bell-Punch

No doubt the real attic salt which flavors so many bright sayings is generally manufactured upon the spot. The flash comes quickly and the execution is equally rapid. What could be better than the following example of instantaneous repartee:

One Sunday the Asylum Hill Church in Hartford was short a deacon, and the late Governor Jewell took one of the contribution plates and passed it around. When the services were over, a member said:

"Governor, you should be proud of the confidence these people repose in you. Now, long as I have owned a pew and been a member

here, I don't believe they would trust me to take up a collection."

"Oh, yes, they would, Mark; I am sure they would—if you had a bell-punch."

Paul and Barnabas

At a certain Unitarian Convention in Boston, the Rev. Mr. C——, who was staying with the Rev. Mr. W——, an Episcopalian minister, was addressed by a Unitarian brother, "Oh, so Herod and Pilate have come together!"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. C——; "Paul and Barnabas, without any previous rupture."

The Right Direction

The witty Bishop of Albany was recently staying at a country house, the owner of which had a mania for stuffed birds and beasts, which enriched the hall and the great staircase with a perfume like that of a first-class menagerie.

"Don't you think, Bishop," said he to his guest, "that this staircase seems to be rather weak?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the Bishop; "it certainly smells pretty strong!"

Through the burst of laughter that followed, a hoarse dissentient voice suddenly made itself

heard. "I could ask him a question that would puzzle him, clever as he thinks himself."

"Well, sir, now's your time for it," said the Bishop.

The swaggerer seemed somewhat taken aback, but quickly asked, "Well, can you give me a plain direction how to get to heaven?"

"Yes," said the Bishop, "turn to the right, and then keep straight on."

The Odor of Sanctity

One Christmas day the Episcopal church in an inland town was beautifully decorated, so much so that many outsiders came to view it, one of whom, as she gazed on its beauties, and inhaled the perfume of spruce and pine and balsam, feelingly remarked: "How solemn it smells!" The minister promptly observed that he had heard of the "odor of sanctity," but never knew exactly until now what it was.

How He Kept Young

An old college friend once came into the vestry-room of Trinity Church, New York, to see the Rev. Dr. Vinton, and they had a warm greeting.

"But how is this?" said the friend. "You

are older than I am, and yet you have not a grey hair on your head, while I am as grey as a rat."

Oh, well," replied the Doctor, "you know I am in the Apostolic Succession, and all the graces of apostolic life and doctrine flow into my body."

"Yes," added Dr. Ogilby, who was listening to the conversation, "our friend Dr. Vinton can say with St. Paul, 'I dye daily.'"

What's In a Name

At the convention of the Episcopal clergy of Pennsylvania in 1836, for the division of the diocese, the Right Reverend Bishop M'Coskry, of Michigan, was present. When the subject of a name for the new diocese came up for discussion several were proposed—as Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Monongahela, etc. When the last name was mentioned, the Bishop rose with great gravity and seriousness, and remarked that he was entirely opposed to the last-mentioned name, Monongahela, and, if seriously urged, would enter his solemn protest. "For," said he, "I am of the opinion that whenever that name is spoken, it will cause my brethren, as well as the laity, to make rye faces."

Dress and Address

President Cleveland's grandfather was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland. Many stories are told illustrating his power of repartee. Among them is the following: On horseback one day Rev. Mr. Cleveland was riding from Middletown to Durham; a little stream bounded the limits of the townships. He halted to water his horse; meanwhile a young man, having come from the opposite direction, drew rein so suddenly as to render the water, by the disturbance, unfit. to drink.

"Good-morning, Mr. Minister," said the youth.

"Good-morning, Mr. Democrat," replied the reverend gentleman.

"And pray why did you take me for a Democrat?" queried the young man.

"Pray why did you take me for a minister?" rejoined Rev. Mr. Cleveland.

"Oh," said the fellow, "that is plain enough by your dress."

"And that you are a Democrat is plain enough by your address," was the retort.

Why He Came Back

The father of President Arthur was notable for his readiness at repartee—a quality, by the

way, possessed by the President himself, who was a capital raconteur. Some years ago, at a meeting of the Hudson River Baptist Association, the Rev. Mr. Walden, who had been settled in the West, but who had recently taken a church in Troy, said: "I can tell my brethren that if they think any sort of ministers will do for the West, they are mistaken. It won't do to send second or third rate men there."

The Reverend Mr. Arthur rose promptly and exclaimed: "Mr. Moderator, I never knew before why Brother Walden came back."

A Sermon in Five Acts

Many years ago, when the Academy of Music in New York was under the management of Mr. William H. Paine, that gentleman said one day to the late Rev. Dr. Bellows:

"Doctor, why won't you come to the opera to-night? The opera itself, *Don Juan*, while supposed by many to be slightly immoral in tone, is, in reality, quite the reverse. I shall be happy to have you join my family in my private box."

The good Doctor accepted the invitation, and listened with marked interest to an admirable performance. At the conclusion of the entertainment he remarked, in his pleasantest tones

and most genial manner, "I thank you, Mr. Paine, for the delight you have given me of enjoying a sermon in five acts."

Not to Blame

Elder Phillips, a jovial soul, settled many years ago near the headwaters of the Susquehanna. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian dominie. He was full of humor and ready with his repartee on all occasions. Jack Rickitt, a *quasi* parishioner, who was more punctual at the river than at church, presented the elder one Monday morning with a fine string of pickerel.

Elder Phillips thanked him graciously for the gift.

"But, Elder," suggested Jack, still retaining the fish, "those fish were caught yesterday. Perhaps yer conscience won't let ye eat 'em."

"Jack," replied the Elder, stretching out his hand towards the string, "there's one thing I know: the pickerel were not to blame."

Two Deaf-Mutes Wanted

Two clerical friends in a Western city, not long ago, met one Monday morning, when Dr. S—— exclaimed:

"Why, Brother Roberts, you look bluer than blue Monday! What is the matter?"

"Yes, brother," answered Brother Roberts: "I am in great perplexity about my Sunday-school. I wonder if you can help me! Could you recommend to me an intelligent Christian deaf-mute? I want him as a superintendent."

"No, I can't," replied the Doctor. "If I could find such a one, I should want him for my own school."

Lived Up to His Privilege

In Danville, Kentucky, some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Breckinridge went to the bank, and there met a number of gentlemen. There was also present an old farmer from whom the Doctor occasionally bought hay, oats, corn, and meat, and whose weights were sometimes larger than his loads. This farmer presented his bill for a late and rather unusually small load of hay, and the Doctor turned to a desk to write a check for the amount, but was hesitating, holding his pen in his hand. The conversation somehow had drifted on to David and the wife of Uriah, and to the subject of falling from grace; and as the Doctor held his pen and seemed to inspect the account, the farmer said:

"You know, Doctor, I believe in falling from grace."

"Yes," said the Doctor, with one of those

sudden upliftings of his eyebrows and flashes from his eyes which those who knew him will so well remember, "and you live up to your privileges as well as any man I know."

No Parting There

The Rev. Doctor Ormiston, an eloquent minister of the Reformed Church, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York, was very witty. Those who saw him for the first time were always impressed with the wonderful "shock" of hair that surmounted his dome of thought. One day a gentleman, dining at the same table with the Doctor, where puns were rattling about, heard him ask this conundrum, "Why is my hair like Paradise?"

One lady replied, "Because we all long to be in it."

"No," answered the Doctor; "it is because there can be no parting there!"

Had Never Been Fooled

A worthy clergyman and a good doctor of medicine were once standing talking in the balcony of a house opposite to what was at that time the leading saloon in a certain town. The

occasion was the celebration of the firemen's parade. Many strangers were in town, and much bad whiskey was being imbibed. Among those who followed the stream flowing uninterruptedly into this saloon, was the judge of a local court. This, though probably not an unusual occurrence, was the cause of some not very complimentary remarks. The doctor replied:

"Yes, Mr. ———, I was brought up to always regard a judge and clergyman as something better than the ordinary man—something exceptionally good, worthy at all times of my respect and consideration, and to see a judge rushing into a saloon with that motley crowd, apparently as thirsty as any of them, shocks me terribly."

"Well," said the reverend gentleman, "I was never in my youth so taught to regard doctors, and it has been my ill-fortune never yet to have been fooled."

How They Live

While conversing with a friend as to the discouragements against entering the ministry of the Congregational Church, a certain minister mentioned that there were some twelve hundred more ministers than churches.

"How do they all live?" he was asked.

"Well, I suppose some live by faith."
"And some by hope?" asked another.
"Yes, and the rest by charity."

On the Wrong Trail

The Rev Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, hit the nail on the head when he quoted the remark of a gentleman who was speaking of the inferior quality of much of our modern preaching. "I went to hear about the way to heaven," he said, "but after listening to the sermon, I only learned the way from Jerusalem to Jericho."

A Slight Difference in Name

A witty Bishop once found himself crossing the Bay of Fundy, from Digby to St. John, in company with a certain Mr. Caswell. The Bay of Fundy has a reputation for turbulence only to be matched by the English Channel or the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Caswell was struggling with a violent attack of seasickness; but the Bishop, who was above such weakness, was very careful, and inclined to conversation. He had failed, however, to catch Mr. Caswell's name correctly, and persisted in calling him "Mr. Aswell." At last the sufferer, in a moment of ease, corrected him, saying,

"Caswell, my dear sir; my name is Caswell, not Aswell."

"Oh!" said the Bishop, eying him critically, as a new spasm seized upon his unhappy acquaintance. "Well, Mr. Caswell, don't you think you would be Aswell without the sea!"

A Question of Ten Knights

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke, when he first accepted the chair of English Literature at Princeton, gave a special course in Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthure and Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

One day the conversation drifted to the number of knights who composed Arthur's famous Round Table. One of the Seniors asked Doctor Van Dyke how many he thought there were. "About forty, I think, is the number usually conceded," he replied.

"I always understood there were fifty," remonstrated another student.

"Well, possibly there were," replied the doctor; "but then there must have been at least ten of the knights constantly on the road engaged in their different quests and pleasures around King Arthur's realm."

"Oh, yes," burst forth an irrepressible Senior, "Arthur's Ten Nights in a Barroom."

A Most Catholic See

Replying to a speech made by Bishop Potter at a dinner in New York in 1904, the Rev. Dr. Greer said:

"You have only to look before you at him who with wise, patient, forbearing and sympathetic wisdom has gone about among you these twenty years as the head of this diocese, to appreciate Bishop Potter's breadth and catholicity. But let me here insert an illustrative note. Bishop Potter came one summer to Easthampton, Long Island, where I spend my vacations. In the surf he had, as fellow bathers, on the one side, Dr. Ritchie, of St. Ignatius's; on the other side, Dr. Heber Newton; and in front, far out beyond the life line, Dr. Talmage. The Bishop declared it to be the most catholic sea in Christendom."

Growing Madder

The late Bishop Williams, on being told that gardening had been found to be an excellent occupation for the insane, replied:

"I should doubt that; they might grow *madder!*"

None Over Forty

"Three times," said the minister, from the pulpit, "I have asked the women of this con-

gregation to remove their hats in church. Three times has my call been unheeded, and now I see that I was in the wrong. I was inconsiderate of the comfort of the aged, and what sin of omission can be worse than that? So I have made a new rule. Hereafter all women of forty years or over will be permitted to wear their hats."

Ten seconds later, as if by magic, every woman in the place was unbonneted.

Puzzled

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Church, and a staunch believer in hell-fire and brimstone, was once asked if he thought Emerson would go to Heaven. The good old man was puzzled, and thought for a long time. "He doesn't seem to have the saving faith," he said at length, "but I can't imagine what the devil would do with Emerson."

Between Two Bundles of Hay

There are no men who in proper circumstances enjoy a hearty laugh more than do preachers. There was recently such a laugh in P——. The publishing committee of a large denomination held its regular meeting. It is the custom for every manuscript submitted to the committee to be referred to two of its mem-

bers, and if, after examination, they report approvingly, it is published; if not, it is declined. When the two members differ in opinion, the manuscript is referred to a third member, who, of course, agrees with one of the two members, and thus decides the matter. Recently, the Rev. Mr. H—— reported, concerning a manuscript, that there were in it things he liked and things he disliked, and that his position was that of the long-eared animal midway between two bundles of hay, and equally attracted by both. The Rev. Dr. E—— said that his position was the same as that of the Rev. Mr. H——. The chairman of the committee said:

"Brethren, will you appoint a third person to pull the two asses towards one of the bundles of hay?"

How the Doctor Answered the Question

The Rev. Dr. Ingram once invited any boy or girl in an audience to ask him a question. One youngster propounded this:

"Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

It is said that Dr. Ingram got out of the dilemma by saying:

"What little boy or girl would like to answer this?"

CHAPTER II

Some Curious Texts

A Suggestive Text

THE temptation to take a whack at folly, or meanness, or superstition, or hypocrisy, or even to arouse curiosity by the selection of an eccentric text, must be sometimes nearly irresistible, for ministers are but human, after all, and keen to resent personal injustice, whatever the color of their cloth or the merciful teachings of the Master whom they serve.

It must have been in some such spirit of righteous indignation that a good and faithful pastor whose salary was long overdue resigned and preached his farewell sermon. He had accepted an appointment as chaplain in the State Penitentiary, and took for his text the words: "I go to prepare a place for you."

Why He Resigned

That clever humorist, Max Adeler, has given us a lively skit upon a similar theme entitled,

"The Minister's Grievances," supposed to be enumerated in a farewell sermon to an unresponsive and backsliding congregation:

"Brethren," said the aged minister, as he stood up before the church meeting on New Year's Eve, "I am afraid we will have to part. I have labored among you now for fifteen years, and I feel that that is almost enough, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Not that I am exactly dissatisfied; but a clergyman who has been preaching to sinners for fifteen years for five hundred dollars a year, naturally feels that he is not doing a great work when Deacon Jones, acting as an officer of the church, pays his last quarter's salary in a promissory note at six months, and then, acting as an individual, offers to discount it for him at ten per cent. if he will take it part out in clover-seed and pumpkins.

"I feel somehow as if it would take about eighty-four years of severe preaching to prepare the Deacon for existence in a felicitous hereafter. Let me say, also, that while I am deeply grateful to the congregation for the donation party they gave me on Christmas, I have calculated that it would be far more profitable for me to shut my house and take to the woods than endure another one. I will not refer to the im-

pulsive generosity which persuaded Sister Potter to come with a present of eight clothes-pins; I will not insinuate anything against Brother Ferguson, who brought with him a quarter of a peck of dried apples of the crop of 1872; I shall not allude to the benevolence of Sister Tynhirst, who came with a pen-wiper and a tin horse for the baby; I shall refrain from commenting upon the impression made by Brother Hill, who brought four phosphorescent mackerel, possibly with an idea that they might be useful in dissipating the gloom in my cellar. I omit reference to Deacon Jones' present of an elbow of stovepipe and a bundle of toothpicks, and I admit that when Sister Peabody brought me sweetened sausage meat, and salted and peppered mince-meat for pies, she did right in not forcing her own family to suffer from her mistake in mixing the material. But I do think I may fairly remark respecting the case of Sister Walsingham, that after careful thought I am unable to perceive how she considered that a present of a box of hairpins to my wife justified her in consuming half of a pumpkin pie, six buttered muffins, two platefuls of oysters and a large variety of miscellaneous food, previous to jamming herself full of preserves, and proceeding to the parlor to join in singing 'There is

rest for the weary!' Such a destruction of the necessaries of life doubtless contributes admirably to the stimulation of commerce, but it is far too large a commercial operation to rest solely upon the basis of a ten-cent box of hairpins.

"As for matters in the church, I do not care to discuss them at length. I might say much about the manner in which the congregation were asked to contribute clothing to our mission in Senegambia; we received nothing but four neckties and a brass breastpin, excepting a second-hand carriage-whip that Deacon Jones gave us. I might allude to the frivolous manner in which Brother Atkinson, our tenor, converses with Sister Priestly, our soprano, during my sermons, and last Sunday kissed her when he thought I was not looking; I might allude to the absent-mindedness which has permitted Brother Brown twice lately to put half a dollar on the collection-plate and take off two quarters and a ten-cent piece in change; and I might dwell upon the circumstance that while Brother Toombs, the undertaker, sings 'I would not live always,' with professional enthusiasm that is pardonable, I do not see why he should throw such unction into the hymn, 'I am unworthy though I give my all,' when he is in arrears for two years' pew-rent, and is always busy exam-

ining the carpet pattern when the plate goes round. I also ——"

But here Brother Toombs turned off the gas suddenly, and the meeting adjourned full of indignation at the good pastor. His resignation was accepted unanimously.

A Text That Excited Comment

Two curates at a church in Maryport resigned. The senior curate preached his farewell sermon, and he chose a text which astonished the congregation. It was a portion of Abraham's direction to his young men: "Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship." The Cumberland papers quaintly added: "Much comment has been excited by the text!" And small wonder!

Top-Knot Come Down

The famous Cotton Mather, wishing to animadvert upon the growing extravagance in dress and the love of finery and personal adornment among the women of his congregation, once announced as his text these words: "Top-knot come down!" distorted of course for his purpose from Matt. 24: 17: "Let him which is upon the house top not come down."

Found Wanting

A clergyman once preached a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped his sermon and said: "That is right, gentlemen, as fast as you are weighed pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

The Whangdoodle

What has come to be known as the "Whangdoodle" text was a negro preacher's subject: "And they shall gnaw a file and flee to the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the Whangdoodle mourneth for its first born." While it sounds as though it might be taken from Holy Writ, there is of course no such passage.

Benjamin's Mess

During one of the sessions of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, a matter of considerable importance was brought before it by its presiding officer, the venerable Benjamin

B. Smith. The question was one which involved a number of delicate and intricate points of canon law, and the more it was attempted to be elucidated, the more obscure and involved it seemed to become. It was referred to committees, it was discussed by lay personages of eminence learned in the law, and anew the venerable presiding bishop addressed himself to its solution. It was after one of these last attempts, which had taxed the patience and attention of the House to the uttermost, only to leave the matter seemingly in more hopeless confusion than before, that a witty member of the right reverend body, reaching across to the desk of his Episcopal neighbor, laid before him a scrap of paper bearing these words, "I would suggest as a text appropriate to this mournful occasion the following words from Genesis 43 : 34 : 'But *Benjamin's mess* was five times so much as any of theirs.'"

Greater Things

In the early part of his ministry a very eminent clergyman visited another of his own denomination and spent a Sabbath with him. Of course the host invited the stranger to preach for him, and, to his great satisfaction, he con-

sented. Rev. Dr. M—— was tall, and his pulpit was rather high, to accommodate his manuscript to his sight; his visitor was short, rather stout, and had a shining bald head. Rev. Dr. M—— proposed to lower the pulpit a little, but his friend declined, and, on the contrary, desired that it should be raised higher. It seemed that he was near-sighted, but for some reason preferred not to wear spectacles. The desk being raised, he proceeded to pile upon it the closed pulpit Bible, two hymn-books, a pile of about a dozen sermons, and finally his manuscript; and then, his bald head just glimmering over the top of his *extempore* fortification, he announced his text: "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

A Novel Pulpit

A Washington correspondent of a religious paper recently assigned to the Rev. Dr. S—— a rather novel pulpit. The Doctor had preached from the text, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against you." The Doctor must have been not a little surprised, if he saw the account of the sermon, to read in the words of the correspondent, "Dr. S—— then preached from the gates of hell."

Tobacco and the Bible

Some years ago the Methodists of El Dorado, Kansas, completed their church building, and, in anticipation of a good time, sent for Brother D. P. Mitchell to come over to El Dorado and dedicate the new church. On the appointed day Brother Mitchell made his appearance. Being a prominent speaker of the Methodist Church, a great crowd turned out to hear the dedicatory sermon. After preaching, it was proposed to take up a collection to pay off the church debt. An appeal was made, and the brothers came down with their subscriptions; but it was found on counting it up that a few dollars were lacking. Brother John Teter, an old Virginian, and a second cousin of Brother Mitchell, was a member of the church, and had already subscribed one hundred dollars. During the second appeal the preacher noticed Brother Teter putting his hand in his pocket.

"Well," said Brother Mitchell, "are you going down in your pocket for more money, Brother Teter?"

"No," said Brother Teter; "I am hunting for my tobacker."

Looking him straight in the eyes, Brother Mitchell said:

"There is but one text in the Bible that justifies the use of tobacco."

"What's that?" said Brother Teter.

"'He that is filthy, let him be filthy still,'" remarked Brother Mitchell.

This brought down the house, and also brought out the balance of the money necessary to pay off the indebtedness of the church.

No Sunset in Heaven

Once upon a time, while the Hon. "Sunset" Cox was making a flying visit to the scenes of his boyhood in Ohio, he attended church on Sunday, and listened to a sermon from the following text, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow"—Job 7 : 2.

The venerable preacher began by saying he had seen a picture illustrating the text, which represented a slave looking towards the west, waiting for the end of the day's work. It was entitled, "Longing for Sunset." How he "improved" that text! He called on the worthies of both Testaments; pictured Jacob's longing for Joseph, and old Simeon's desire to go, "since his eyes were made glad." He impressed the thought that life was a struggle, and no man should desire to go. "We should remember that sunset is only the vestibule of sun-

rise. When the river is crossed, the swollen flood passed, and heaven attained, there will be unshadowed joy, for there is *no sunset in heaven!*"

A Mild Surprise

A certain Episcopal clergyman in New Jersey, having had difficulty with his vestry, was requested by the latter to resign. What must have been the surprise of the congregation when, the next time the rector preached, it was from a text occurring in the "Gospel for the day"—the fourth Sunday after Epiphany—"And they besought him that he would *depart out of their coasts.*"

The Disadvantage of Large Feet

A "call to preach" is not always as definite as might be desired. Before the licensing committee of the Baptist body, a tall, lank, green specimen of humanity presented himself as a candidate for the ministry. He was not regarded as being of entirely sound mind, and labored under the hallucination that he was specially "called to preach," and kept continually importuning the association to grant him the necessary license. In addition to his partially unbalanced mind, young Weeks was

the possessor of as huge and ungainly a pair of feet as ever trod shoe-leather. Tired of his importunities, and not being disposed to grant the license, the association handed him over to Smith, with instructions to make an end of the case; and between them took place the following conversation:

"So, Brother Weeks, you think you have a special call to preach?"

"Yes. The Lord has called me to the work, but the Association refuses the license."

"How do you *know* you are called?"

"*Know* it? I *feel* it in my heart of hearts. I want my license."

"Do you believe the Bible, Brother Weeks?"

"Certainly I do, every word of it."

"Well, if I can prove by the Bible that you are not called to preach, will you be satisfied to drop the matter, and not further importune the Association for a license?"

Brother Weeks assented to this, and "Raccoon Smith" deliberately opened the New Testament at Romans, 10: 15, and in a grave tone read: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace," etc.; then, glancing at Weeks' large feet, remarked: "You see, Brother Weeks, that the Bible declares that the *feet* of the preacher are beautiful; you, sir,

have the most monstrously ugly feet of any man in the State of Kentucky; therefore, by the Bible, it is clear you have not been specially called."

As Smith finished his remarks the entire Association went off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Weeks, really concluding that he had *not* been "called," bolted from the meeting-house, and never afterwards annoyed the Association for a license.

CHAPTER III

Circuit-Riding, Revivals, and Camp-Meetings

A Cause For Thanks

In the good old days the wit of the pulpit was apt to be of the rough-and-ready variety; when it hit, it stung like an ox-goad.

A camp-meeting was in progress in the wire-grass region of Georgia. The afternoon service was conducted by Uncle Mose Bradford, an exhorter of deep piety, but entirely innocent of book-learning. He took for his text on this occasion the words of St. Paul, "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

After talking about fifteen minutes on the beauty of contentment from a Christian's point of view, he suddenly announced that he was going to "throw the meeting open." His invitation was, "If you've got anything to be thankful for, git up and say so."

One after another rose and spoke of peace and contentment under circumstances that

seemed impossible, judged from a worldly standpoint. Some said they were thankful for things they had missed, and at last an old lady arose, pushed back her sunbonnet, and with a beaming countenance triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, Brother Mose, I hain't got but two teeth, but, thank God, they hit!"

Did Not Require Eulogy

Tact is an unfailing and ever-valuable asset, as the following tale tells:

In the early days of the West, an itinerant preacher stopping for refreshments one day at the pioneer home of one of his parishioners was served, among other things, with apple pie. It was not a good pie. The crust was heavy and sour, but the encomiums which that clergyman heaped upon it were great. The good wife knew that she had had bad luck with the baking, and as she was, in reality, an excellent cook, she determined that the next time that preacher came her way he should have a pie that was faultless.

He told her when he was to return, and on that day she set before him an apple pie that was the real thing. He ate it, but to her astonishment vouchsafed not a word of commen-

dation. This was more than the housewife would stand.

"Brother," she exclaimed, "when you were here last, you ate an apple pie that wasn't more than half baked, and yet you praised it to the skies. Now you have eaten a pie that nobody needs to be ashamed of, but you haven't a word to say in its favor. I can't understand it."

"My good sister," replied the preacher, "that pie you served me a few days ago was sadly in need of praise, and I did my full duty in that direction, but this fine pie, bless your heart, does not require any eulogy."

About Eleven Head

Many were the queer sights and scenes met with by the itinerant preacher on his journeys to and fro. On one occasion an evangelist journeying through darkest South Carolina stopped at a cabin swarming with children, and asked of the young and very pretty negress who responded to his knock how many children she had. After an embarrassing silence the woman replied, "Well, I've buried some, of co'se, but livin' I reckon I got 'bout 'leven head."

Fixed Him

A long time ago the circuit riders were much more ignorant than they are nowadays, and

sometimes very bold and conceited. One of the most confident of this class was the Virginia preacher of whom Colonel Robinson, of Washington, tells this story:

"I asked him on one occasion," relates the Colonel, "if he ever became embarrassed while conducting his services—brought to a complete standstill by any unusual occurrence.

"After considerable thought, 'Never but oncet,' he answered. 'I was a-preachin' away oncet, a-warnin' of the sinners at a turrible rate, when all of a suddent a man right in front of the pulpit jess stood right up thar an' crew like a rooster. I was completely took back, so I jess said, leanin' over the pulpit, "Will you jess crow agin, sir?" An' he crew agin. Still I wasn't ready for him. So, with a good deal of earnestness, I said, "Jess one more time, my friend." An' he crew agin. Then I fixed him. Stretchin' out my arm, I wagged my finger at him, and said: "Crow on, crow on, thou child of hell. But remember this, that God Almighty will fasten thy beak to the anvil of His wroth, an' *slatter* out thy brains with the hammer of His indignation."'

"I inquired," says the Colonel, "how this 'fixed' him."

"'He never crew agin, Colonel. I always

thought that word "slatter" was too much for him. I jess went right on.' "

Condition of Society

Doing good under difficulties is thus illustrated in the experience of a missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Missouri some years ago:

"At the first settlement I came to, I found that there had never been a Sunday-school in that region, and the people could hardly understand what I wanted. One had never seen a Sunday-school, and thought there must be some trick about it. Having some books with me, I proposed to give him one. 'No, sir, I don't want it; I can't afford it; for I know, if I take it, there'll be some sort of officer arter taxes on it.' I wrote on the fly-leaf, 'No tax to be collected on this book,' and then he consented to take it.

"To ascertain the condition of the settlement, I asked a woman, 'Is society good?' She replied, 'I reckon so. I don't know him myself, but never heard anything bad against any man by that name round these parts.' "

Presbyterians Scarce

This is the answer that a missionary, exploring "The Pines" in New Jersey, got from the

wife of a hunter, at whose cabin he called. "Are there any Presbyterians in these parts?" "*I don't know if husband ever shot any. I'll ask him.*"

A High Appreciation

A preacher, at a camp-meeting in the West, delivered a discourse which chiefly turned upon the affectionate regard of Naaman for the land where he was cleansed from his leprosy. Alluding to Naaman's request to be permitted to take two mule-loads of the earth back to his own country, he naturally enough returned to his own conversion. Warming with his subject, he remarked that if he could go back to Old England he could point out the spot where he knelt when he was converted.

"And," said he, "I have often felt like Naaman! If I could just get two pints of that dirt from the spot where I knelt, *I wouldn't give it for all that I have eaten at the boarding-tent since I came upon this ground!*"

Pronounced it the Wrong Way

A circuit rider was taking dinner with the family of a mountaineer in Kentucky. As preliminary to the meal he pronounced the customary grace:

"Bless this, our daily food," he said.

The mountaineer with native courtesy, waited until the "amen," then remarked:

"Excuse me, pahson, foh correctin' yo' all, but up in these pahts we don't speak it like yo' do."

"Don't speak what?" asked the puzzled preacher.

"Why, yo' asked foh a blessin' on ouah daily feud an' pronounced it th' wrong way."

He Sat Down

Not long since, during an exciting protracted meeting held in one of the frontier towns of Michigan, a man named Wilson, who for some years had sold milk to the villages, becoming seriously alarmed as to his spiritual condition, went forward to the anxious seat, and solicited the prayers of the congregation. In due time he became pentitent, and arose to make his confession. Among other transgressions of which he had been guilty, he owned to having frequently watered the milk he had sold. In the midst of his confession, while telling the milk story, the minister, a very worthy man, who despised cheats of all kinds, exclaimed, "Sit down, sit down, Brother Wilson! If you say

much more, they'll have you in the penitentiary in less than a week!"

Brother Wilson sat down.

The Bishop's Solo

During one of the visitations of Bishop Talbot in Nebraska, he had occasion, as bishops and ministers often have in new and sparsely settled territories, to hold service in a log schoolhouse, in Richardson County, for the pioneers. In the course of the service he gave out a hymn, read it through, and, as there was no one present to "raise the tune," commenced the singing himself. Finding that he was executing a solo he omitted the second verse, and passed on to the last. One of the pioneers noticed this nefarious proceeding, and, not being willing to submit to it, jumped up and shouted, "*Hello, mister! you've skipped!*" The fact was patent. The Bishop sang the missing verse; and, as he has a magnificent voice, the pioneer was clearly justifiable in demanding the execution of the whole programme.

Three Verse Eggs

A certain well-known Doctor of Divinity who may be nameless here was once touring a sparsely settled part of the county bent on saving souls, and one night put up at a comfortable

looking farmhouse where he soon got upon cordial terms with the family. Next morning, coming down to breakfast, he found the men folks all departed to work, and the farmer's wife waiting to prepare his breakfast.

"How do you like your eggs?" she inquired solicitously.

"Medium well-done," was the answer.

Whereupon the good hostess retired to the kitchen, whence in a few moments came the sound of her voice singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The Doctor, being a good singer himself, joined heartily in this morning hymn.

After singing three verses the lady suddenly stopped, and forthwith appeared with the eggs.

"What was the matter with the fourth verse?" asked the minister with a smile.

"Oh, you said you liked your eggs medium, so I only needed to sing three verses; if you had asked for them well-done I would have needed four verses!"

Ever after that the Doctor used to ask for "three-verse eggs," and delighted in telling the story to his puzzled auditors.

He Couldn't Find Paul and Silas

One Sunday, at an Ohio camp-meeting, when the excursion trains brought in immense crowds,

a good proportion of them being bent on having a jolly good time without regard to the day or the place, a disturbance arose, and the policemen of the grounds were attracted by the shout of "A fight! a fight!" They got to the spot too late to see for themselves who had been fighting; but one man was marched off and locked up in the log jail, notwithstanding his protests that he had been only a looker-on, and that by chance. In a short time the managers discovered that the man was, indeed, innocent, and they went immediately in person to the jail to release their prisoner. But the man, seeing by their profuse apologies how the land lay, refused to be released, telling them that he was simply following the example set by Paul and Silas when they were in the same situation. To that the managers had nothing to say, but walked off. When they had gone, the prisoner walked out, and at the next term of the Common Pleas Court he brought suit against the trustees of the camp ground for false imprisonment. He retained as counsel Judge C——, and to assist him a young lawyer who had then just been admitted to the bar. While the trial was in progress, and just before the time came for Judge C—— to make his speech to the jury, he bethought himself of the remark about Paul and Silas that

his client had made to the officers when arrested. It would give effect to his argument, he thought, if he were to read to the jury the passage of Scripture concerning the release of the apostles. While busy with other preparations, he sent his colleague to the clerk's office, where, he told him, he would find a Bible, to look up for him the passage he wanted. The time for him to open his speech arrived, but his colleague had not appeared, and Judge C—— excused himself for a minute, hurried out, and stormed into the clerk's office. There he found the young man lying on the floor, with his head on his hand, and an enormous Bible spread open before him, while he was running his finger down the columns.

"Haven't you found that place yet?" demanded the Judge.

His colleague turned another page without looking up, and said, "No; I cannot find anything about Paul or Silas either, and I am *halfway through Exodus.*"

Not With a Personally Conducted Party

At an evangelistic service the preacher at the end of his address cried: "Now all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!" With a surge of enthusiasm, the audi-

ence sprang to their feet—all but an old Scotchman in the front row, who sat still. The horrified evangelist wrung his hands and, addressing him, said: "My good man, my good man, don't you want to go to heaven?" Clear and deliberate came the answer: "Aye, Awm gangin', but no wi' a pairsonally conducted pairty!"

Need for Honesty

A missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Texas says that at a recent Sunday-school picnic in Western Texas a gentleman from Missouri urged the benefits resulting to society at large from Sunday-schools, pronouncing them "schools that would develop honest men and women," when a long, lank man, whose greasy buckskin suit and moccasined feet told of the frontier, followed by half a dozen children, presented himself.

"Look here, stranger, did you say that Sunday-schools make people honest?"

"I did."

"Wa'al, then, if you'll tell me whar thar's a dozen or twenty of them, and good pasturage, I'll come on and bring my cattle and tie right on to some of them; for thar's nothing so much needed as honesty in Western Texas."

Not on the Grand Jury

Here is the way a Benton County man confessed at a revival. He had been pressed to repent, and finally got up and said :

"Dear friends, I feel the Spirit moving in me to talk and tell what a bad man I have been, but I can't do it while the grand jury is in session ! "

"The Lord forgive ! " shouted the preacher.

"I guess that's right," said the penitent, "but He ain't on the grand jury ! "

Duration of Eternity

"Eternity," said the exhorter, who wanted to make things clear, "is forever and forever, and five or six everlastings on top of that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity, it would still be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time ! "

Hadn't Been Touched

There was a big congregation in the church, and the revivalist had been warming them up to the need of a large collection. To make the hearts of the givers more susceptible, he had arranged for some of the young women of the con-

gregation to act as collectors, and at a given signal they were to pass along the various aisles. But one girl's courage failed her at the last moment, and she hung back. Others with her became faint-hearted also, and the result was that the people sitting on one side of the gallery had no opportunity to give of their means, however much the minister's stirring words might have melted their hearts.

The revivalist was quick to note the failure of some of his collectors, and he called to the usher on that side of the gallery.

"Mr. Blank, have no collectors passed through that side of the gallery yet?"

The usher, his whole heart in the work, made answer:

"No, sir, this whole side hasn't been touched yet!"

There was a subdued snicker on the part of those who at once saw the aptness of the answer which grew into an honest laugh as the whole congregation realized the joke.

Just a Few Reasons

A modern evangelist in Kansas adopted a novel scheme for putting to shame the sinners in the neighborhood. He printed a lot of cards which he distributed among those whom he

wished to snatch as brands from the burning. On one side of the cards were his name and calling. On the other side, under the caption, "Just a Few Reasons Why I Do Any or All of These Things," appeared the following:

"First—I swear, because it is my choice of nice words; every one likes to hear it, and it is music in the devil's ear.

"Second—I keep no Sabbath because I need no rest; it is none of my Maker's business to require it of me, and it could not be the shadow of an eternal rest for which I have no hope whatever.

"Third—I drink liquor because I have more money than I can spend to good advantage; it makes home happy, keeps me out of trouble, and sends me to my long home sooner than I could get there without it.

"Fourth—I stay away from church because I don't know much about it and don't want to. I am engaged on the other side, and have no doubt about the devil's rewarding me for my long and faithful service.

"P. S.—I won't tell you on this card some awful things of which I am ashamed."

CHAPTER IV

Queer Pulpit and Other Happenings

Incongruity

INCONGRUITY in time and place has as much to do in provoking the risibles of spectators as of auditors. Things happen in church or at religious and solemn moments which would pass unnoticed at other times. And it is frequently found that ministers and other good men are the victims of what has been called "the total depravity of inanimate things." Usually, however, it is the totally unforeseen which happens and "brings down the house."

Ponto's New Name

A young Presbyterian divine had accepted an invitation to preach in a country schoolhouse. Among the congregation was a family named Culbertson, who owned a savage-looking but really harmless dog. When they had arrived at the appointed place, the good wife was vexed to behold the dog very sedately entering with them.

Not satisfied with being merely among the audience, Ponto ascended the platform, and composed himself for a nap behind the clergyman's desk. As the services were just beginning, no efforts were made to rout him from his chosen place, and he was allowed to slumber undisturbed. In the latter part of his sermon the minister had occasion to illustrate his subject by relating an anecdote of Libby Prison:

"Each morning the roll was called, and daily there were names to which no answer would ever again be given. On the morning of which I speak the first name called was Henry Thomson. No answer came, and a death-like stillness pervaded the ranks. Again the name was repeated—'Henry Thomson.'"

A fatal step backward by the minister. "Bow, wow," was the loud response. The rest of the sermon was lost on the hearers, and ever afterwards the dog was known as Henry Thomson.

Red Men of the Forest

When the bishops of the Episcopal Church were in attendance on what is called the "Pan-Anglican Council" in 1869, the University of Cambridge conferred on a number of them the honorary degree LL.D. Of course it was something of an extraordinary occasion, and every-

thing was arranged to make it as imposing to our unsophisticated Americans as possible. However, among the precautionary measures adopted for the occasion was one restricting the under-graduates, who line the galleries at such times, from entering into any of the unusual demonstrations for which they are noted. On the day and hour appointed, the procession, made up of the proper officers and candidates for honors, *robed in scarlet*, according to prescribed regulations, all headed by the verger, entered the hall and marched to a platform where the dignitaries of the university were in waiting to receive them. As soon as they were all arranged in order by the officer in charge, and the whole assemblage stood waiting for the next move in the programme, there ensued one of those moments of decorous silence such as sometimes comes over vast assemblages of people, and which, for want of a better word, may be described as "awful." Now, whether it was "a contrived plan," or, better, an inspiration of the moment, it is impossible to determine. However, just at this period of *awful silence*, a native Sophomore, without the fear of verger or beadle before his youthful eyes, jumps to his feet, and yells, with stentorian voice, "*Three cheers for the red men of the forest!*" This was

too much and too good for that august assembly, and the cheers rolled up "from pit to dome" long and continued. It was soon discovered that nobody or thing had been injured by this wilful infraction, and the "red men of the forest" were the lions during the remainder of their stay at the university.

A Sudden Disappearance

An eccentric minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio was once preaching in a very high pulpit. He was sailing along in his discourse, all eyes upon him, when suddenly he disappeared behind his barricade, causing the necks of the congregation to be stretched in pursuit of him. He soon came in sight again, and explained his absence by saying: "I just dropped my false teeth, and was looking for them. Thank God, when we get to heaven we will not need false teeth."

A Diversion

Doubtless ludicrous things will continue to occur during church-time. Everybody has seen them and smiled at them. The last instance that has come to our knowledge is that of a clergyman in C——, who while preaching a few

Sunday evenings since perceived a man and woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each other behind a hymn-book. Instead of becoming excited at the spectacle or losing temper, he beamed mildly at them over his spectacles, and when the young man had kissed her the fifteenth time, he merely stopped short in the middle of "thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of "the young man in the pink necktie and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who were profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew seventy-eight." The young woman pulled her veil down, but the young man got angered. Everybody else smiled.

A Pious Bat

One Sunday evening a bat, devotionally inclined, flew through the open window of a church in Rochester, and disported itself in those plunging circles peculiar to its kind. The choir boys were singing, and the congregation of course standing, so it had a better opportunity than usual to terrorize the worshipers. First the congregation would duck, and then the choir-boys would dodge, till the sea of faces looked as if agitated by a violent storm, and suppressed smiles grew broader and broader.

Just then the choir began the second verse of the hymn:

> "Happy birds that sing and fly
> Round Thine altars, O Most High."

The effect was magical. A sudden swoop carried the bat out into the night, and saved the occasion; but it was "a close call" for Sunday.

How He Felt

Interruptions, if intentional, are sometimes very funny in their results. An Episcopal clergyman held a service out on the prairies of Illinois, in the district schoolhouse. The place was crowded. At the close of the meeting, a Baptist minister approached the officiating clergyman and asked him to give out notice that *he* would hold meeting next Sabbath. The reply was, "I've done; *you* are at liberty to give any notice you please." Accordingly notice was at once given, when up rose a small man with a fiery red head of hair, and said, "*I give notice that I will officiate here next Sunday!* The Methodists have their turn then." The dispute between the two waxed warm, till all parties got out-of-doors, and a crowd remained to listen. At length the Baptist brother thus addressed his fellow claimant:

"Brother Smith, will you please tell us how you felt when you got religion?"

Mr. Smith replied, "Brother Jones, when *you get religion*, you'll know all about it!"

A Cool Request

Once an interrupter got decidedly the worst of the encounter. Not so with the gentleman who figures in the following true story, at which every reader would have smiled had he been present.

A clergyman, after the usual preliminary Sunday-morning exercises, commenced his discourse, when a gentleman entered the church, and stood respectfully and attentively listening inside the door. No sooner had the preacher's eye lighted on the newcomer than, dropping the thread of his sermon, he said to him:

"Come in, my friend, come in; we are always glad to see those here late who can't come early."

Thus addressed, the unknown individual stepped forward, coolly took his seat, and then as coolly asked the preacher, "Would you oblige me with the text?"

"Certainly," was the reply; and the request having been complied with, the sermon proceeded.

He Wanted the Points

"A few years ago," says a Brooklyn minister, "I was conducting the funeral service of a prominent Brooklyn official, who was also a trusted official in my church. I was about to offer prayer at the house, previous to the public services at the church, when a young reporter, tablet and pencil in hand, and eye-glasses well poised on his nose, approached me eagerly with, 'Are you going to offer prayer now, sir?'

"'Yes, immediately,' I replied.

"'Ah,' said he, 'will you be kind enough to *give me the* points before you pray?'"

Satan Leading On

In a town in Massachusetts, a church anniversary was held. The Sunday-school children had a processional, as in the Episcopal church, and a good old deacon was to lead them. The choir sang the first verse of "Hold the Fort," to which they were to march. The deacon stalked in, followed by the scholars, just as the choir commenced the second verse,

"See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on."

"The Exalted Lay" at Easter

The custom prevailed, with a certain Episcopal church in a California diocese, of present-

ing each scholar of the Sabbath-school with an egg during the exercises at the celebration of Easter. On an occasion of the kind, when that point in the service was reached which had been set apart for this interesting ceremony, the assistant clergyman arose and made this announcement: "Hymn 419, 'Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,' after which the eggs will be distributed."

CHAPTER V

Peculiar Prayers

The Force of Habit

ELDER CHARLES HOLDEN was pastor of the church in Warwick at the time of the Declaration of American Independence. He had been accustomed to pray for "the king and all in authority" in his public services, and his thoughts, from long running in the same channel, had crystallized themselves in words from which he found it difficult to break away. The elder was patriotic, and the new order of things interfered with his set forms of speech. At one time while praying he came to the place, "We pray for the king and all in authority," but before he was aware of it the words were uttered. He stopped short, and, after an instant's hesitation, supplemented the petition, in stentorian tones, with, "*living in Rhode Island.*"

A Fitting Conclusion

At the opening of a recent term of court in F—— County, Maine, a young clergyman was

called upon to act as chaplain, who concluded his prayer with this supplication: "And finally may we all be gathered in that happy land where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges."

Man and Beast

A minister lately returned from a long holiday trip on which he had been accompanied by his wife. At a prayer meeting shortly afterwards an elder offered up thanks for the minister's safe return, but unfortunately put his foot in it. "O Lord," he said, "we thank Thee for bringing our pastor safe home, and his dear wife, too, O Lord, for Thou preservest man and beast."

It Met Their Wants

As was the custom in former days, the people in a certain village all begged the old preacher to appoint a day of fasting and prayer for rain, which he did. At the appointed time the house was crowded with people, all anxious for rain. After reading a chapter in the Bible the good old brother prayed as follows:

"O Lord, Thou dost see our sad condition! Our streams are dried up. Our grass is parched! Our crops are withering! O Lord, we need rain! Yet the heavens seem like brass and the

earth like iron. We beg and beseech Thee, O Lord, to send us rain! But we don't want a mizzlin', drizzlin' rain, for that would not wet our ground. And we don't want a dashing, splashing rain, neither, for that would wash our hillsides away. But, O Lord, do give us an old-fashioned, steady ground-soaker! that the earth may bring forth food for man and beast, and Brother Bob Burton's pond may fill up, and his mill be able to crush the corn, and he may make a few more runs of his still for the benefit of the brethren."

The good old members all responded with a hearty amen to this, thinking it expressed their wants exactly.

The First Law of Nature

Another request for rain did not go through so easily.

"Brethren and sisters," said the Rev. Mr. Harps, resting both hands on the desk before him, and regarding the congregation with a glance which every person in the assemblage felt was directed to himself, "I have been many times requested during the past two weeks to pray for rain, and under ordinary circumstances should most gladly have acceded to your wishes. However, as my salary is several months in ar-

rears, and my repeated appeals for a settlement have not as yet elicited the desired response, I now take occasion to say that when the delinquency is satisfactorily adjusted I shall take pleasure in complying with your request. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; accordingly my ultimatum is, No salary, no rain. The usual collection for missionary purposes will now be taken."

No Improvement

One evening, at family prayers, Mr. M—— read that chapter which concludes with, "And let the wife see that she reverence her husband." After the exercises had closed he quoted it, looking meaningly at his wife, who said: "I am willing to follow the new teaching on that subject. The Revised Edition is softer; I will be guided by that."

The Revised Testament was produced, and her chagrin may be imagined as Mr. M—— read, "And let the wife see that she *fear* her husband."

Meant in Jest

In a picturesque village not many miles from Gotham, there lived a picturesque individual with the picturesque name of Crome Green. His

clothes, which were of a peculiar cut and texture, and ornamented here and there with fringed abrasions, had assumed that mellow tone which artists so love to paint. On one foot there was a boot without a leg, and on the other a shoe without a string, and his time was principally occupied in getting gloriously drunk, or else in going through a period of repentance while recovering from a spree. One day some boys, coming along a shady lane, found Crome lying under a stone wall, undergoing the pangs of repentance.

"O Lord! O Lord!" he cried, "let up on me this time and I'll never get drunk again. O Lord! if I'm not telling the truth, may the stones of this wall fall down and crush me!"

The boys slipped up to the wall and pushed a few loose stones on the prostrate form of Crome Green, who, suddenly raising himself to a sitting posture, shouted, with a great energy:

"O Lord! O Lord! why will you take in earnest what was only meant in jest?"

An Important Omission

The head of a "President's church" ranks higher in the glare of publicity than other clergymen, and so gets more attention from the newspapers. So it was that a well-known

Washington divine once felt called upon to send a message to newspapers throughout the country correcting a striking omission in one of his appeals to the Almighty.

The incident occurred in connection with an important function at the national capital, at which Rev. Dr. Byron F. Sunderland, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church—which then was known as the President's church, and with which Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was subsequently associated—was scheduled to deliver the invocation. Dr. Sunderland prepared his prayer some days in advance, and, in accordance with a request, promptly furnished a copy of it to a press association. The latter sent the prayer in advance, subject to release on the appointed day, to the newspapers through the length and breadth of the land, and it was set up in type forty-eight hours in advance of its delivery. It was a brief but a fervent appeal to the throne of grace for mercy on a benighted world.

Suddenly Dr. Sunderland made a great discovery. He had been reading over his prayer and found at the eleventh hour that an essential feature was missing. He telephoned the press association office and asked that a correction be flashed over the wires. This was the message that went broadcast to newspaper offices:

"*To Editors*—In Sunderland's prayer, sent in advance, after words *divine mercy*, insert following: 'Bless the President of the United States and grant Thy divine guidance to him and to all those in authority.'"

The President's preacher had forgotten to intercede for the President in the first draft of his supplication!

Meet for the Kingdom

A dear old gentleman who is deeply interested in Sunday-schools, and who never loses an opportunity to pray for them, recently embodied the following singular request in his petition at prayer-meeting: "Dear Lord, bless the lambs of this fold, and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven!"

CHAPTER VI

Verbal Mishaps

Scat!

THE truth has often been emphasized that the most ludicrous happenings are apt to occur on the most solemn occasions and at the most inopportune moments. Such was the case with the remark attributed to a devout old gentleman who was conducting family prayers when his especial antipathy, a cat, rubbed against him; his hearers were amazed at his reading,—

"And the Lord said unto Moses—Scat!"

Kinkering Kongs

Sometimes an involuntary and unconscious twist of the tongue on the part of some nervous preacher has been the cause of unholy mirth.

A certain nervous divine had the habit of transposing the first letters of his words; one Sabbath he gave out:

"We will now unite in singing Hymn number two-twenty-seven; 'Kinkering Kongs'!"

A Slight Twist

A certain good woman came into church one morning, and found a stranger in her seat. Leaning over she said:

"I beg your pardon,—but—you are occupewing my pie!"

The Sixth Chapter of Jude

One of the professors at a certain theological seminary was noted for his pompous and orotund manner in the pulpit. Being gifted with a fine voice and a commanding presence, it was his custom to read the lessons with a good deal of "manner." But he came to grief sadly one afternoon. Stepping up to the lectern with a self-satisfied adjustment of his surplice, he announced in his best oratorical style:

"The second lesson will be found in the *sixth chapter of Jude!*" and began to find the place. Greatly to his surprise the chapter could not be found, and to cover the pause he again announced:

"You will find the second in the *sixth chapter of Jude?*"

It never dawned upon him, that he had made the mistake until one of the assistant clergy passed up a slip of paper with the single word *Romans* written on it. The reverend professor

never heard the last of the joke, and for years he would be asked in all seriousness, "How many chapters were contained in Jude at latest accounts?"

My Kingdom for a Horse

In a Friends' meeting-house in Philadelphia there was once gathered a great assembly in the expectation that the spirit would move to speak a distinguished Friend from Baltimore, who was present. It did move him, and for nearly two hours he held forth in an excited strain that was contagious with his hearers. Towards the end of his discourse he depicted in vivid and glowing colors the place of punishment of the wicked, and besought them to flee the wrath to come, "So that in the day of judgment they should not be found among the frightened herd, who would look in vain for some way of escape; yea, they would give then all their worldly possessions, they would be ready to cry, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' as did the holy evangelist."

Hanging in the Vestibule

That humor is best which is utterly unconscious of itself. A man says something in a

most solemn tone which cracks your ribs with laughter and rolls you helplessly on the floor with a riotous delight, and then remarks: "What are you laughing at? I am not aware that I have said anything funny. What is it?"

For example, a sedate minister gravely gave out the following pulpit announcement: "I am going away for my annual holiday to-morrow. The Reverend Mr. Thomas will preach here next Sunday, the rest of the supplies you will find hanging in the vestibule."

The minister did not know that he had said anything that had a laugh in it. The laugh was no intention of his. But the people knew and probably said in the secrecy of a well-concealed disturbance of mind, "Let us hope that nobody will cut them down."

Quite Deaf

Once upon a time, at a dinner party, a good deacon was assigned to the head of the table. Feeling that a blessing should be asked, and being too modest to officiate himself, he ran his eye down the table until it rested on a man with a very solemn countenance. "Will you ask a blessing, sir?"

The man addressed put his hand behind his best ear and shouted: "I would thank you to

repeat your remark. I am so d—— deaf that I didn't hear you."

Lessons Assigned

"The Professor of Systematic Divinity at ——— Seminary, being indisposed, was not to be with his classes. A notice to that effect was given to the men after morning 'chapel.' Whether the professor who gave the notice belonged to the 'Newer School,' or merely to the orthodox school of the Sydney Smith type, is not known. His words were these: 'The Professor, being ill, requests me to say that the Seniors can keep on through *purgatory*, and the Middle Class continue the *descent into hell*, until further notice from the Professor.' "

The Lord and the Bishop

A devout and worthy gentleman is the clergyman of a parish not twenty miles south of Chicago. His congregation was somewhat amused at the singularity of one of his announcements on the evening of December 5, which was as follows:

"Remember our communion service next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services, and the Bishop in the evening."

Subfundicate

As a couple of good brethren entered a praying tent where the Rev. Brother Plant was exercising his gifts, they heard him express the desire that the Lord would *subfundicate* the people. They did not understand exactly what he would have done to them, but evidently it was something great and good. One of the brethren, being endowed with eminent poetical powers, improvised the following stanza, which soon found its way from mouth to mouth:

> The Lord in mercy please to grant
> A blessing on dear Brother Plant;
> And if the favor's not too great,
> His needy soul subfundicate.

A Nice Pious Talk

"Brother," said a male member of the flock to the shepherd, "I wish you would drop in at my house some day on your rounds. I feel like it would do me good to have a *good pious talk* with you."

The pastor kindly assented to the request, and a few days later was seated in the little parlor conversing with the good lady while awaiting the return of the good man from the fields.

Suddenly there arose a great commotion at

the barn. Horses ran madly about the lot; the geese cackled their loudest; chickens flew into trees; and the solemn conversation at the house was interrupted by a powerful shouting: "Here, you confounded black niggers, why don't you come here and help put up these cussed horses. Hurry up, I tell you, or I'll punch your miserable hides with this pitch-fork, you blamed black rascals. Whoa, Jack, you ——"

"Pa, pa!" shouted his daughter, running towards him. "Pa, the prea ——"

"Shut up your gab, Mandy, and get back in the house, or ——"

"But, pa, the preacher is here!"

After a short and very quiet interval a heavy step sounded on the porch, the front door was pushed open, and the brother came in, singing joyously:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see!"

He happened to glance into the room where his guest was seated; then, with outstretched hands, he greeted him heartily, exclaiming in utter astonishment, "Why, brother, I had no

idea you was anywheres about here or I wouldn't 'a' been a-singin' so."

Geography and Scripture Reconciled

In one of the interior counties of Missouri lived, some years ago, a Campbellite preacher called Elder B——. His peculiarities soon made him quite noted, and large audiences assembled to hear him. On one occasion, when at the zenith of his fame, he preached a discourse on the deliverance of the children of Israel, in which he said:

"Brethren, there are many difficult passages in the Bible, and you are likely to be led into error unless made to understand them. Now, you all have read this chapter wherein Moses stretched out his hand over the Red Sea, and the waters became a wall, and the children of Israel went over on dry ground safely, and how all the hosts of Pharaoh were drowned. Now, my brethren, as this reads it is hard to believe and difficult to understand; but I will explain it. It don't mean what it says; for I tell you I have read it in the original Greek, and it is there made perfectly plain; and in the next translation of the Bible, which our Church is getting out, it will all be explained. Now this passage of Scripture means simply this: When Moses

and the children of Israel arrived at the Red Sea they camped all night, and it turned cold, and the 'strong east wind' caused it to freeze over; and the truth of the whole matter is plain, as you can see, that the children of Israel passed over, 'dry-shod,' *on the ice.* There were no such things as great walls. The original Greek will not permit any such unjust and difficult translation. And again, when the Egyptians, with their immense armies, heavy chariots, and great weights, pursued the children on the ice, they broke through it, and were all engulfed, drowned, and lost. This, my brethren and sisters, is the true and fair explanation of this circumstance, and the original Greek in the next translation will make it plain."

At this point a brother sitting back in the congregation arose and said, "Brother B——, I would like to ask a question, if you have no objections."

The elder, looking triumphantly towards the brother, answered, "All right, sir; ask just as many questions as you want to."

"Well," continued the brother, "my knowledge of geography tells me that the Red Sea is nearly under the equator, and is therefore in a very warm country, and never known to be frozen. Will the gentleman please tell the audi-

ence where the ice came from of which he spoke?"

The elder became excited, and answered, with lofty disdain, "If the brother who has asked me this question knew half as much about Scripture and geography as he pretends to, he would know that this circumstance happened thousands and thousands of years ago; yes, sir, thousands of years before the age of geographies, and *before there was any equator!* I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the gentleman completely!"

Drawing Back

The late Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakely was a most inimitable delineator, and fond of a good story. He related with great glee how he once extricated himself from a most awkward dilemma. Preaching in a Hudson River town on a warm summer afternoon to a congregation of farmers mainly, from the text, "If any man draw back, my soul hath no pleasure in him," he inadvertently observed, "My brethren, sheep never fight." Those who were awake looked up at him, and showed, by their interest, that the minister had never seen two old rams trying to butt each other's brains out. The Doctor discovered his mistake as soon as they did, but not

seeing his way out of it, he repeated the statement with greater emphasis. Those of his audience who were awake nudged their sleeping brethren, who, on opening their eyes, looked about to see what had happened. This greatly embarrassed the Doctor, and he was now sadly puzzled. He ventured, with still greater emphasis, to repeat the statement, "My brethren, sheep *never* fight," when luckily he saw his way out, and doubling his fist, struck it into the palm of the other hand, adding, with genuine unction, "*except they first draw back.*"

The Virtue of Silence

Mr. M—— was a member of the Baptist church in R—— and one of those irrepressible worthies who "think more highly than they ought to think" of their abilty to "speak in meeting," and conscientiously improve every opportunity to display their gift—or the lack of it. But his acquaintance with "dictionary English" was of a sort that occasionally led to errors in the use of words a good deal more amusing than edifying. Thus on one occasion he sought to encourage his hearers to a more intimate acquaintance with the Deity by saying, "Brethren, we ought not to think of God as some great big *infinitesimal* being." At an-

other time he made the frivolous giggle and the judicious grieve by announcing that "there are two forces in nature—the cen*trif*ugal and the centri*fu*gal forces." This was too much even for the patience of the long-suffering pastor, and Brother M—— was thereupon admonished to "bear the cross of silence" from that time on.

Here Endeth the First Innings

It was an Episcopal clergyman, and an ardent lover of the great American game, who inadvertently remarked, at the end of that portion of Scripture appointed to be read, "Here endeth the first innings."

A Spitzenberg

Some years ago, at a conference of Presbyterian ministers, a respected but simple-minded brother "rose to a personal explanation." His first beloved consort, he set forth, had died triumphant, and in due time he had courted and won the affections of another lady, and they were married. During all this time he had solemnly supposed her to be "of like faith and order" as himself. "I never thought," he said, with tears in his voice, "to ask her if she were a Presbyterian, and what, brethren, was

my amazement and horror to learn, after we were married, that she was a *Spitzenberg!*"

A Grave Conclusion

A minister of the gospel, who had been engaged to perform a marriage ceremony on a certain evening, was unexpectedly called upon to conduct funeral services in the afternoon of the same day.

In the embarrassing moment succeeding the completion of the nuptials, the good man rubbed his hands, and recurring to the earlier service of the day, solemnly announced, "The ceremony will be concluded at the grave."

Fading Prospects

A well-known Doctor of Divinity had been pointing out the openings in church work to an audience of clerics and lay women of devoted lives. In getting down to specific cases, as he confesses in his recent book, "Odds and Ends," he said:

"Next to opportunity we think of the instruments fitted to the opportunity. Naturally our thoughts turn to widows who are 'widows indeed,' whom God has taken aside from the world by sorrow for a life of devotion to His service."

The speaker paused. He was thinking secondly of unmarried women. Why he did not say unmarried women he cannot understand. He thinks he may have been nervous about using the old-fashioned word spinster, so he said:

"Next we think of those women whose prospects of marriage are slowly fading."

There was an instant roar of laughter, in which the Bishop and some of the married lay women joined. The discomfited dean deprecated the unseemly merriment as best he could, but he did not mend matters greatly, for he went on:

"Many of whom I have in my mind's eye."

There was another burst of laughter, and the speaker went hurriedly on to "Thirdly."

An Unfortunate Increase

A certain church was heavily in debt and in order that the encumbrance might be cleared it was suggested that one of the best money raisers in New York State be brought here and by his efforts secure the amount needed to reduce the debt. The pastor came and began his work with that effort which was characteristic of him. When the allotted time had arrived for him to have secured the amount a discouraging moment

faced him when he discovered he needed but $600 to wipe out the long standing debt.

Telling of the discouraging circumstances under which he labored, he concluded by asking if there was no one in the congregation who would donate the amount. After bringing into play every word in his vocabulary, at last one member of the congregation arose and said: "Rather than see your plans defeated, I will give you $500 of the amount."

Jubilant at his success and wishing to pay a flattering compliment to the donor, the pastor said: "Bless you, brother; may your business increase many fold during the coming year."

At that a smile crept over the face of every one present, for the donor was no less than one of the city's well-known undertakers.

CHAPTER VII

Our Colored Brother

Unconscious Humor

OFTENTIMES the most effective humor is of the unconscious variety, and it is to this cause that we owe much of the wit of our colored preachers and congregations.

The negro—especially the half-educated negro—has often an exaggerated sense of his own importance, and frequently proves the truth of the old axiom that a little knowledge is dangerous.

Pick Cotton

There is a good story extant of a "colored gemman" of that ilk who thought that he had a call to preach the Gospel. He went to the Presiding Elder of his district and declared that he had been vouchsafed a vision, in which he saw a great cloud from heaven descending on which there stood out in fiery characters the letters "P. C."

"And what do you think they meant?" inquired the Elder.

"Preach Christ, o' course!" returned the enthusiast, who was only half-baked.

"Don't you be misled, my brother," was the reply. "Those letters stood for 'Pick Cotton!'"

No Common Criminal

A minister was in the county jail having a talk with the prisoners. He is a kind-hearted old gentleman, and he wandered about shaking hands with the unfortunates, at the same time giving each a word of encouragement.

Finally the minister reached the top tier, and there he found a darky doing some work along the range. This negro was reported to have "got religion" after entering the jail, and was a very enthusiastic and promising convert. As it was Sunday the minister asked him why he was working on that day. The darky replied that the work had to be done and he thought he would do it when he had a good opportunity.

"How long will you be here?" asked the man in ministerial garb.

"Well, I dunno, boss," replied the colored man, continuing his work.

"Do you think it will be long?"

"No, I guess not, boss."

"Are you serving time for disorderly conduct?"

The darky drew himself up to his full height and replied with considerable dignity, "No, sah. I'se no common criminal; I'se a highway robber."

A Disappointing Response

Once upon a time a negro preacher set out to have a great revival. He preached and he exhorted in the most fervent manner, night after night, but the requisite enthusiasm among the hearers did not manifest itself. Evidently something was needed to set their slumbering souls afire.

So the preacher took the negro sexton into his confidence, telling him that he was going to perform a miracle.

A white pigeon was procured, and taken in a basket to the gallery and there the sexton was told to secrete himself on the eventful night. At the appointed time, after working up the congregation to the requisite pitch of expectancy the preacher was to cry out:

"Descend, O Holy Dove, descend!"

This was to be the signal for the sexton to liberate the pigeon, which was to symbolize the

miraculous descent of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove.

After a thrilling peroration the exhorter made his frantic appeal:

"Descend, O Holy Dove, descend!"

There was no response.

A second time he cried out, in even more frenzied accents:

"Descend, O Holy Dove, descend!"

Still there was no response from the gallery, while the waiting negroes were fairly spellbound with expectancy.

For yet a third time the cry went up, and this time, the preacher got a most unexpected reply. Thrusting his woolly head between the curtains the sexton blurted out:

"De cat done et up de dove! Shall I frow down de cat?"

The Efficacy of Prayer

The Rev. Adoniram Jackson, who died recently in his native town, in South Carolina, was one of the most prayerful old colored men to be found in all the Sunny South. His congregation idolized him, but that is not saying that they followed all his teachings. One sultry Sabbath day the reverend gentleman had preached at length, concerning his favorite sub-

ject of "prayer," to another of his congregations in a town ten miles distant from his home. "Now to conclude, bredern an' sistern," he said, as he approached the end of his discourse, "when yo' wants anything real bad, pray fo' it. I wouldn't pray fo' Inkwell White dah in de back pew to wake up. I jes' says, 'Wake up dar!' in a voice lak dat. Don't yo' go to sleep agin, Mistah White! But ef yo' wants anything real bad, bredern, lak a melon or a side ob bacon or a chicken, jes' pray fo' it. An' ef yo' is in danger, pray to have it removed; pray, an' I bets it will scoot away!"

That afternoon the minister was trudging along the highway on his ten-mile homeward walk when a large black bear crashed out of the underbush. The prayerful Divine did not pray for the danger to disappear; he took to his heels and the tall timber. In that tall timber he found a very tall tree, and the way he forgot his rheumatism and skinned up it to roost on the topmost branch and pray took away the bear's breath. So the animal sat down at the foot of the tree to wait. It was still stationed there an hour later, when a couple of the Rev. Mr. Jackson's late congregation came along and heard him praying in this wise: "I'se not 'fraid ob danger, but I is a cautious man an' a preacher

dat's needed yere. Yo' tooked Daniel out ob de lion's den an' yo' helped Jonah out ob de big fish's mouth, so help me down dis tree. But ef yo' don't want to help me, Lawd, please then don't help de b'ar. An' don't shake de tree, whatever happens! "

No Interference

A great camp-meeting had been going on for more than a week among the negroes at W——, and when the excitement was at its height a colored sister, in a transport of enthusiasm, threw herself down on the floor, and rolled wildly about from side to side in a state of hysterical frenzy which precedes "getting religion." Some members of the congregation began shrieking and singing and clapping their hands to encourage her in well-doing, and one Elder started forward with the intention of picking up the interesting sufferer; but the preacher disapproved of lay interference, and cried out, in authoritative tones: "Stop! Bro' Johnson, stop! Leave dat sinner where de Lord done flung her."

Liable to Get Hurt

Elder George Champlin, now dead, preached many years in Rhode Island. He was a colored man, but sharp and witty, and withal, of good

sense, though not without some failings. At one time some of his hearers complained that he was personal and severe in some of his remarks. Elder C. replied, "When I am preaching I shoot right at the devil every time, and if any one gets between me and the devil, he will be *liable to get hurt.*"

A Look Without Result

The Rev. Mr. Bullinger said one day, from the pulpit, after commenting upon the effects upon St. Peter of the look which our Lord had given the latter after his repeated denial of Him: "Yes, and there was Bill Jones, the hard-heartedest and onconsarnedest sinner in this neighborhood. Arfter I had showed what effects our blessed Saviour had on Peter by lookin' at him arfter all his meanness, I fastened my eyes on Bill, *and I give him jes' sich another look. But it was no go.* He went straight outen the meetin'-house, and went to laughin' and kickin' up his heels."

Dangers of Long Water

A clergyman of color was expatiating very earnestly to his flock in Jacksonville, Florida, on the words of Paul to Timothy: "Drink no

longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

"Now, my bredern," said this apostle of temperance, "this *longer water* was bad stuff. It got into de head and into de heels of young Brudder Timothy, and him did not behave hisself like a Christian oughter, and Paul said Brudder Timothy must stop this right off, and not drink this *longer water* any mo', an' if he must have somethin' for him stomach and him debility, he might take a leetle wine."

An Effective Argument

The following is a verbatim report of a colored preacher's exhortation at a Georgia protracted meeting:

"Brethren," he was saying, with gestures suited to his words, "all disher country roun' here is des full o' souls hung'rin'—ah, an' thirstin' —ah, fur salvation, an' dey can't git it; an' fur why? Dey can't git it 'cause dey ain't got no preacher fur to give it to 'em. An' why ain't dey got no preacher fur to give it to 'em? 'Cause dey ain't got no kiverin' for he haid while he is givin' of it to 'em; dat's de reason. An' what I wants you brethren an' sisters to do dis mornin' is to git a kiverin' fur he haid. I wants to see a church right here in disher place

whar I'm stan'in'; an' while we's singin' of a hymn, I wants Br'er Jones an' Br'er Thompson an' Br'er Berryman an' Br'er Hill to pass roun' de hats, an' I wants you-all to give liberal to disher cause."

There was a movement among the brothers designated, when the proceedings were cut short by an imperious wave of the minister's hand.

"Stop, meh brethren an' sisters," he called out. "Stop jes' one minit, while I tells you all one mo' t'ing, 'cause ef I don't tell you dat one t'ing all de res' o' de t'ings whar I'se bin tell you will drap th'ough, 'cause dey won't hab no bottom to hol' 'em. Word came to me dis mornin' dat Colonel Ringgold's chicken-house was rob night befo' las', an' dat de las' one o' his chickens was tooken off'n de roos'. An' what I wants to say to you-all is dat disher cause whar I'se astin' you-all to give to am a good cause, an' I don't want no bad money to go in it, an' ef dere's any person here presen' dis mornin' whar had a han' in de robbin' o' dat roos', I asses 'im ef he *please* not to put nothin' in dat hat, 'cause dat money whar he put in might somehow or nother got mix up wid dat chicken money, an' I don't want to hab nothin' to do wid it."

It is needless to say that every brother and sister in the congregation contributed to the building of the new church edifice.

A Point in Duck Shooting

A colored brother from the South recently came to a Northern church to solicit money in behalf of some interest with which he was connected. After the brother had made his appeal, one of the members of the church arose and "wished to know why everybody seemed to come to their church to beg money." Dr. Gordon said he feared the remarks would be very discouraging to the colored brother, and regretted they were uttered. Whereupon the colored man promptly rose and said he could explain the matter. Said he, "*When I goes shootin' ducks, I goes whar de ducks be.*" The objector gave him a hundred dollars.

Ku-Klux

The late Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, once made a visitation to the Southwestern portion of his diocese. There being no Episcopal church in the town, the Methodist church was borrowed for an evening service. A large concourse of people assembled to welcome the Bishop. The whites filled the interior of the building; the

blacks, from curiosity, flocked around the doors. The Bishop retired to the rear of the edifice for the purpose of robing, little anticipating the effect he was about to produce. Arrayed in his vestments he proceeded slowly, under the moonlight, from the rear to the front of the building. As he turned the corner, a gust of wind caught the flowing Episcopal lawn, and expanded it like outstretched wings. The darkies constantly had been subjected to the terrorism of the Ku-Klux, whose members, wrapped in white sheets and other disfigurements, had alarmed their superstitious nature. Beholding this strange apparition approaching them, clad in white, they gave a frantic yell, "Ku-Klux! Ku-Klux!" and took to the woods. The Bishop preserved his gravity, entered the building, and conducted worship; but throughout the entire service, and amidst the most pathetic parts of the sermon, the distant yells, "Ku-Klux!" were heard reechoing through the forest from the running negroes.

Visions of the Future World

During a revival in Texas some years ago a negro was reputed to have had visions about heaven and hell. His boss called him up and interrogated him as to what he had seen in both

places, and first as to what the white men and darkies were doing in heaven. "Lord! boss, the white men was all a-tilting back in their chairs, with their heels on the banisters, a-smoking cigars, and the niggers was down on their knees a-shining up their golden slippers!" Then as to what was going on in the other place. "Ef you believe me, boss, every single white man had a nigger in his hands a-holding him up between him and the flames!"

A Convenient Case of Smallpox

In a town in Western Pennsylvania, Rev. George Washington Spooner was once an occasional dispenser of the Gospel to his colored brethren. Of late years, however, he has had such a reputation for intemperance and dishonesty that few hearers can be found for his eloquent discourses upon the joys of heaven.

Several winters ago he was walking along a main street when his attention was attracted by a wagon near by. It was driven by a farmer who had sold his entire load of pigs, with one exception; and, as it was growing late, he was anxious to dispose of the defunct porker. He readily closed in with Mr. Spooner's offer to purchase it, and asked where it should be delivered.

"Well, now, you jis go down dat way two squars, and den turn up Huckleberry Alley, and de fourth house is mine. I can't go back wid you, 'cause I's gwine on a 'portant errand; but you jis lay de pork on de table, and wait dar till I come to pay you. My old gran'mudder's sick in bed. You tell her I tole you to wait fur me."

The unsuspecting wagoner drove to the place as directed.

Meanwhile the dusky reverend had slipped across by a "short-cut," donned a nightcap, and lay in bed awaiting his arrival.

The knock at the door was answered by a feeble "Come in." Entering, he saw the supposed grandmother, who asked, "Who are you?"

"Your grandson told me to wait here until he comes to pay me for some pork he bought. I'll lay it on the table."

"Well, sah, do look if he's a-comin'. He went fur de doctor fur me, an' I'se feelin' mighty bad. Oh dear! Oh me. How I's a-sufferin'!"

"What is the matter with you?" asked the farmer, pitying the old woman's moans.

"Oh, de doctor says I'll git over it. It's jist *a light touch ob de smallpox*."

Out of the door shot the frightened countryman, caring not that his pork was left behind him, and not pausing until he was out of the infected locality.

A few moments afterwards the quondam smallpox patient arose, viewed the porker with a chuckle of delight, and said, "De smallpox a mighty good t'ing in a 'mergency."

A Colored Oracle

In *ante bellum* days it was customary in the South for the Methodist missionary to preach to the negroes and catechise them. Among the slaves at one place was a venerable Virginia darky, tall, black as ebony, hair white, keen black eyes, and carrying himself as erect and proud as an old Roman. He was a sort of oracle, and told the children gathered round him in the cabin, many marvelous stories of what he had seen "Jack-o'-lantern" do in the gullies of "Ole Virginny." He had himself been led by this devil's fire two or three dark nights down into gullies so deep he thought he never could "fetch his foot."

Two things he did not believe in—riding on the cars, and hearing folks preach. Nothing would induce him to enter a car. "Ole Satan hisself holding de reins, and likely any time to

let go." One Sunday afternoon, says the narrator, we did get his consent to go and hear old Brother Carr, the missionary, preach. He behaved throughout the service with the utmost gravity and decorum. Upon his return we were all eager to hear his report of the sermon. "How did you like it, daddy?" I asked.

Solemnly shaking his head, he replied, "I tell you, missis, that man *'polergized* on some mighty *unconditional subjects*."

"Ole 'Piscopel"

A minister of the gospel who once journeyed on horseback through Virginia in the *ante bellum* days tells this story:

Overtaking an old negro on the road, and feeling in the mood for a chat with the old man, I slowed my horse to keep pace with him.

"Do you live about here?" I asked.

"Yes, massa. I belongs to Colonel H——. He lib 'bout two miles from yer."

"It is a beautiful country. Are the people about here religious?"

"Yes, massa; dey is a powerful sight of 'ligions 'bout yer. Dere is Baptisses, Mefodesses, Presbyteriums, and some Quakers."

"Well, what religion did you choose?"

"Oh, laws, massa, I ain't no 'ligion at all—I's jest ole 'Piscopel."

No Common Nigger

While not strictly attributable to a colored brother, the following may not inappropriately find a place here.

As a well-known evangelist was paying pastoral visits some years ago, in the State of Tennessee, a lady said to him:

"I'm very glad you've come. I was reading in the Bible the other day about Moses marrying a nigger, and I wish you would explain the matter."

"It doesn't read that way in my Bible," he replied; "it reads that Moses married an Ethiopian woman."

"Well, doesn't that mean a nigger?"

"I will tell you how it was," he answered. "There was a terrible war waged by the Ethiopians against the Egyptians, and two great armies sent from Egypt against them had been destroyed. The Ethiopians were governed by a magnificent queen, something like Semiramis, who led out her own armies, and knew how to gain a victory. But when Moses was sent with a third Egyptian army against her, he asked help of God, and managed so wisely that the queen

agreed to surrender all her forces to him, and become tributary to Egypt, provided he would marry her."

"Well," said the old lady, "*I was sure it wasn't any common nigger.*"

Congratulations

A negro preacher having baptized a colored two-year-old with the name George Washington, solemnly shook the infant by the hand, saying:

"General, I congratulate you on your ancestry!"

Only an Infant in the Kingdom

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, used to delight in a story of a colored girl in his church.

"Supposing," he asked her, "that you were walking along the road and saw a low-hanging branch, and on that branch was a nice fat chicken. What would you do?"

"Doan ask me dat ar question, boss," she begged.

"Oh, yes," said the Bishop. "Tell me what would you do?"

"Well, boss, you know I's only jest a infant in de Kingdom," which ended the conversation.

A Committee of Many Colors

Because of its allusion, the following story may be included in this chapter.

In Raleigh, North Carolina, a white church was about to receive a new pastor, and two of the trustees of the church, associating with themselves three other members, went to the railroad station to meet him. Upon his arrival, one of them spoke to him:

"The Rev. Mr. Black, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"We are the committee appointed to receive you. My name is Gray."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Gray."

"And this is Mr. Scarlett."

"Delighted, Mr. Scarlett."

"And Mr. Brown."

"Mr. Brown, I assure you this is a very great pleasure."

"And Mr. Green."

"Mr. Green, permit me to grasp your hand."

"Also Mr. White."

"Mr. White; I love to meet so many of the brethren! but Mr. Gray, is this a colored church to which I am called to minister?"

"Why, no!" said that gentleman blankly.

"Well, I see all the colors are represented in

the committee," said Mr. Black, "and the idea occurred to me."

Such was the fact, though none of the brethren had noticed it before.

More Ideas

What the functions of laymen are is well illustrated by the Bishop of Tennessee, who tells the story of a visit to Memphis. He strolled into a colored church where a big "buck" nigger was pounding the pulpit and shouting:

"Oh, Lawd, gimme mo' powah!"

Suddenly another large colored brother rose from one of the front seats and shouted:

"What yo' want is not mo' powah, but mo' idees!"

Not Responsible

Ephraim was a man of importance, being an Elder in the Baptist church and much given to exhortation, prayer, and song. His cabin was the scene of many a revival, and the powerful prayers offered up by him on these occasions were the wonder and admiration of all the colored population.

With all his religious ardor, however, there were times when the pleasures of the world appealed strongly to him.

Seeing him approach one morning with downcast eyes and an air of general dejection, Colonel Snead accosted him thus:

"Hello, Eph! you look as if you were going to your own funeral. What's the matter?"

"Well, Kunnel, I feels bad, suh," replied Eph; "de 'casion am a ser'ous one, suh. You know de young folks done hab a party at Nick Finney's de udder night, an' as I's been a-wrastlin' in pray'r fer de salvation ob Nick's soul for a pow'ful long time, I done thought I'd 'cept de invertation an' go, an' maybe I mout drap a word or two dat would tech his heart. But dey was mighty little chance ter talk ter Nick 'bout 'ligion, fer dat nigger will dance wheneber he heah a fiddle. Well, suh, I went, an' now dey claims as how I was a-dancin', an' I's ter be tried ter-day an' put outen de ch'ch."

"Well, Eph, that's pretty hard luck, but they ought to know that an Elder of your standing would not indulge in anything so worldly as dancing," replied the Colonel with a twinkle in the eye, well knowing that Eph's besetting sin was not tripping the light fantastic.

"I hopes so, Kunnel, I hopes so," rejoined Eph in a tone of utter despair as he trudged on towards the town.

Late the same afternoon Colonel Snead heard

a voice singing lustily, "I's gwine ter jine de band," and, recognizing Eph, he asked:

"How did the trial go, Eph?"

"Dey cl'ar'd me, Kunnel, bress de Lawd! dey cl'ar'd me."

"Cleared you, did they? That's good. Then you proved you'd not been dancing?" said the Colonel.

"No, suh, Kunnel, dey proved it on me all right, but dey 'lowed I was drunk an' didn't know what I was doin', so dey cl'ar'd me, Kunnel—bress de Lawd!"

CHAPTER VIII

Early Piety

The Cross-Eyed Bear

OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings there occasionally come words not only of wisdom, but of wit as well. Most humor of this sort results from ignorance, as when a little fellow was heard singing about the "consecrated cross-eyed bear!"

Bad Things in Hymns

The following authentic anecdote enforces the truth that children do a pile of thinking and puzzling over really very simple subjects. Little Mabel had been unusually quiet at church one Sunday. She was generally a very restless listener. Her mother, noticing it, asked her:

"What made you so good during service this morning, daughter?"

"I was thinking," answered the child, "why the people who write hymns always put some-

thing bad in them that the minister can't let the people sing. He always says 'omit the third' or some other stanza, and he says it over twice, so they'll be sure not to sing it, so it must be something wicked."

An Earnest Plea

The story about to be narrated comes from Hartford, Connecticut, and is well authenticated.

In a certain very pious family it was the frequent custom to entertain the pastor at Sunday night tea, and on one occasion of the kind the little daughter of the house was told that if she would promise to be very good and not talk she might come to the table with the guest.

Now, this particular pastor was not only a very gross feeder, but frequently interlarded his speech with pious phrases. It was "Dear sister this," and "Dear brother that," with sundry ejaculations like "Praise His name!" "Glory to God," and so on.

The child was hemmed in between the good man and another adult, and as the minister ate with his shoulders squared and a very incessant knife-and-fork drill, keeping up a copious flow of talk the while, the poor little one was completely forgotten, and in fact got very little to eat.

At length, becoming bold through desperate

hunger, she took advantage of a lull in the conversation, and in a still small voice put up her plaint:

"Dear pastor, for Jesus Christ's sake will you please pass the butter!"

Anxious to Know the Result

Secretary Shaw has long been identified with Methodism. For twenty years before he became Governor of Iowa he was superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school at Denison, Iowa.

In 1892, the year that James J. Corbett, the pugilist, defeated John L. Sullivan, it happened that shortly after that event Mr. Shaw, in his Sunday-school, undertook to tell the story of David's encounter with the Philistine giant, Goliath of Gath. To enable his young hearers to grasp the moral involved in this Biblical classic, Mr. Shaw began telling how the champion went out boastfully from the camp of the Philistines into the valley of Elah to challenge any man in the army of Israel.

"This giant," said Mr. Shaw, "was six cubits and a span in height, and was so strong that he could wear with ease a coat of mail the weight of which was equal to five thousand shekels of brass. Even the head of his great spear was as heavy as six hundred shekels of

iron." Mr. Shaw went on to tell of the bluster in the champion's method of challenge, and how the Israelites were terrified, not having a man ready to meet so big and noisy an adversary. Then the Iowa banker presented the other side of the picture, giving in detail the account of King Saul's anxiety and his promise of the hand of his daughter in marriage to the man that would in single combat vanquish the huge Philistine. Then he described David, the shepherd boy, and the preparations he made, and how at the last moment the youth discarded the brass helmet, the coat of mail and the sword, and finally went forth with only a sling and five pebbles from a brook.

While Mr. Shaw was talking, a whispered conversation had developed among a group of boys. At first it was furtive. It was evident that questions were being asked of one another in regard to some point in the story. The discussion among the boys became animated and audible, and Mr. Shaw paused a moment and looked at the youngsters. A disturbance of any sort or any diminution of attention was a rare occurrence in his Sunday-school.

"What is it, boys?" he asked.

A sturdy little chap, displaying a great deal of excitement, rose and exclaimed:

"Please Mr. Shaw, won't you tell us right off which one got licked, David or the champion, and give us the particulars afterwards."

Too Cold for a Long Grace

The Rev. Mr. E—— had been for several weeks the guest of Dr. C——, of Franklin, Tennessee, and had, of course, daily implored the blessing of Divine Grace before each meal, lengthening it out generally to the extent of a short prayer. One evening, when there was additional company at the tea-table, the weather being very cold, the grace was unusually short; when Charlie, a bright little boy of five summers, and the son of the Doctor, promptly spoke up at the conclusion of the service and said, "It's too cold to say it all to-night, ain't it, Mr. E——?" In the explosion that followed no one joined more heartily than the worthy Divine.

Not Unlikely

A few Sundays since the subject of the lesson in a certain Sunday-school was "Joseph sold into bondage." After school the mother of a little five-year-old girl asked her:

"Where did Joseph find his brethren?"

"At Dothan."

"What did his brethren say when they saw him coming across the plain?"

"There comes the little fool!"

Pressure of Sin to the Square Inch

As the family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of twelve, who had just commenced to study the steam-engine as well as the catechism, asked:

"Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than in any of the rest of us?"

Sick of Love

A young lady who resides in that part of Pennsylvania which is called "the Switzerland of America" has a Sunday-school class of rather bright boys, averaging between seven and nine years. Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon *love*. The lads heeded the request, and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular topic, such as, "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy

whose turn came last, "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?"

Raising himself up, he responded, "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse: 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.'"

Prizes for Punctuality

Good conduct at Sunday-school seems to be differently rewarded in different localities. In a certain Episcopal church in San Francisco, for instance, each scholar that is in his place before opening school receives a ticket for punctuality. Our correspondent having, as was his habit, come early to school one Sunday, observed a class of six or seven boys, aged from seven to twelve years, all of respectable parentage, throwing dice for who should win the whole lot of punctuality tickets. He stood aghast at such depravity, in such a place, on such a day—especially when one urchin roared out: "Sixes! I've won; *give us the pool!*"

A Happy Suggestion

The following story was related by Peter B——, who was superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school in Raleigh, North Carolina, for many years:

One day a peripatetic missionary beggar was permitted to address the school. He recounted the usual stories about heathen children, told of the missionary efforts in foreign lands, and kept talking at the restless little ones before him for more than two hours. At last he said: "And now, my dear children, I have told you all about those poor dear children and their needs in that far-off heathen land. And now what more can I say?"

A bright-eyed little girl, who was wearied almost to distraction, eagerly and quickly said to him:

"Please, mister, say Amen."

A Significant Prayer

The following incident is vouched for by persons well acquainted with the boy, who afterwards became a professor in one of our large cities. He was the son of a clergyman, and though only five years old, he was bright and clear beyond his years. It was at a dinner given by his mother for a few intimate friends. Master W—— was allowed his usual place at the table, but becoming unruly, was, by way of punishment, transferred to a side table, whither nurse had removed his little plate, knife, and fork by mamma's order.

No sooner was the little fellow seated in his high chair again than, bowing his head and clasping his hands on his soiled bib, he lisped, with apparent reverence and great gravity, "O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of my enemies." It was with difficulty that the "grown-ups" kept their smiles from becoming audible.

Wait Till I Get My Hat

That Bessie is an indefatigable exponent of the strenuous life is a fact fully realized by her exhausted family. They follow in the wake of her small investigating person with remonstrances and soothing ointments from the rising to the setting of the sun. She has an elder brother who has learned to look upon her activity more in sorrow than in anger.

One Sunday noon he stood gravely before the fire, his youthful mind big with recollections of the morning's lesson and his teacher's insistence upon the sin of Sabbath-breaking, when suddenly his eye fell upon the incorrigible Bessie. There she sat on the floor in one corner of the room, her chubby face all frivolity and smiles, dolls to the left of her, dolls to the right of her, and a kitten ecstatically plunging after a piece of string the other end of which her pink hands held.

One glance was enough for the elder brother, and he strode at once towards the prodigal.

"Bessie," he demanded sternly, "do you want to go to hell?"

Without a moment's hesitation the string was dropped, up scrambled the fat little legs, and off trotted Bessie towards the door, calling over her shoulder,

"Jus' wait till I get my hat, Ha'wy."

A Novel Mixture

Dr. Granberry and his family are Presbyterians. In the family is a small boy of four years. Mrs. Granberry had been drilling the boy in the Shorter Catechism. The young four-year-old, becoming unmanageable in the absence of his father, had been subjected to a mild application of the rod. When the doctor returned, he noticed that the boy was in trouble, and the following conversation took place:

Father. "What is the matter, my son?"

Son (weeping). "Mother whipped me."

Father. "What for, my boy?"

Son (between his sobs). "*For her own glory.*"

A Huge Joke

The literalness of children has to plead for

their want of reverence in such cases as that of a boy named Tom, six years old, who noticed one winter morning after sunrise the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed, and ran to his mother with:

"Oh, mamma, I've got an awful joke on Our Heavenly Father!"

"Why, Tom, what do you mean?" said the mother, in a rebuking tone, greatly amazed and shocked.

"He forgot to pull His moon in," cried Tom, his voice quaking with glee.

Slightly Transposed

Many of the funny remarks of children anent sacred matters are the result of confusing sounds in their ears.

A little girl who attended church for the first time heard a sermon from the text, "My cup runneth over: surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." At dinner the sermon was discussed, but no one could recall the exact words of the text, when this young Christian spoke up and said:

"I know what the text was, mamma."

"Do you, my dear? What was it?"

"Mercy! goodness! my cup's tipped over."

Evening Funerals

A clerical friend who had just returned to town from the country was speaking of funerals, and said, "We had another evening funeral service at eight o'clock."

This being the second occurrence of the kind, a ten-year-old boy inquired, with a keen sense of the slowness of country funeral processions, "Papa, what do they have 'em at night for?—*so that they can trot?*"

How to Teach the Scriptures to Children

A certain Sunday-school was once visited by a minister who had decided views on the subject of Scripture lessons. He asked the superintendent to call on a certain boy to stand up.

"Now, my boy, what do you understand by a miracle?"

Boy, looking helplessly at visitor, makes no answer.

Visitor (triumphantly to superintendent). You see, it's as I've always maintained. Scripture must be explained and illustrated if any comprehension of its meaning is to penetrate this sort of skull. He can't tell me what a miracle is. Now, hear me make him understand.

Superintendent (with sarcastic incredulity). If you do, sir, you'll have wrought a miracle yourself. I haven't a duller boy in the school. If you'd question some of the others ——

Visitor. No, no: I'll show what I can do with this one by using common sense methods. Now, my boy, pay attention to me. You don't know what a miracle is, eh?

Boy confesses it by his silence.

Visitor. Now, listen to me! Suppose you got up in the middle of the night and saw the sun shining, what should you say it was?

Boy (promptly). I should say it was the moon.

Visitor (argumentatively). But you couldn't, you know, if you saw it was the sun.

Boy (doggedly). I should see it wasn't.

Visitor (recovering from a disconcerted pause). But suppose some one told you that it was the sun?

Boy (emphatically). I should say he was a liar.

Visitor (angry at such persistent stupidity). But suppose I told you that it was really the sun. You wouldn't dare to tell me that I was a liar, would you?

Boy (hesitating a moment, then in accents of conviction). I should say you was drunk, then!

The Question Was Unanswered

Willy, a little five-year-old, who felt his manhood greatly minimized in a bodice and kilt, was very ambitious to put on trousers, and never missed an opportunity to examine and discuss those worn by his little associates. "Oh, when may I wear breeches?" was his daily cry.

One Sunday afternoon he was taken to a gathering of children, to whom the rector, who appeared in his cassock, talked of Bible characters in language which could be comprehended by his audience, and concluded his remarks by saying in a very kindly tone, "Now if any little boy or girl wants to ask me a question, I shall be glad to answer it. Don't be afraid, little children, speak right out. Raise your hand and I will see you."

To the surprise of all, it was Willy's hand which responded to this encouragement. His face was radiant with delight and expectation as the rector discovered the little hand and said, "Well, Willy, what do you want to know? Speak out."

"Oh mister—oh! oh!" exclaimed Willy, fairly choking with eagerness and the burden of his inquiry; "Oh, sir, do please tell me—do—do—you wear your breeches under your gown?"

There was, of course, a roar of laughter, but the question was not answered.

Well Up in Geography

"Where was Christ born?" asked the teacher of Willie. Willie pondered a while, and finally announced:

"Mauch Chunk!"

"Mauch Chunk!" exclaimed the teacher. "You ought to know better than that. Why little Georgie knows where Christ was born. Where was Christ born, Georgie?"

And the shrill treble of the four-year-old answered:

"Bethlehem!"

"That's right," said the teacher.

"Well," said Willie, pouting, "I knew it was somewhere on the Lehigh Valley Railway!"

Celestial Dangers

The following incident actually occurred at a party given by a former Secretary of the Navy at the fireworks exhibition at Manhattan Beach. In the party was a little girl, who appeared to be enjoying the spectacle immensely, and as an especially brilliant burst of rockets lighted the skies, the little girl turned to her mother and inquired:

"Mamma, do you suppose the Lord is watching the fireworks?"

"I guess He is, dearie," replied the fond parent. "Why do you ask?

"And are the angels with Him?" continued the child.

"Yes, the angels must be with Him."

"Well, I hope they're all right—but—mamma, how do they keep their clothes from burning?"

CHAPTER IX

Funereal and Wedding Humors

Passing Around the Bier

DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, when visiting Philadelphia recently, told this story:

"It is queer what a liking young students have for long words and Latin quotations, and what a dread possesses them of appearing conventional. I once knew a promising candidate who was given charge of a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church. He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains, but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase, and he said instead:

"The congregation will now pass around the bier."

Dandling the Corpse

It was at a funeral, and a somewhat lachrymose old minister was officiating.

Referring to his long acquaintance with the deceased, he said:

"Ah, brothers and sisters, many a time have I dandled this corpse on my knee."

What He Looks Like

Those who witnessed the following true incident at a New England funeral service not so very many years ago will never forget the utterly ludicrous aspect of the matter.

It was in a farming community, and the deceased was laid out in the "best room" of the farmhouse where the services were to be held. The neighbors were assembled in their best clothes and the usual air of dignified solemnity common to such occasions sat on each face.

The minister had taken his stand at the head of the coffin, and the undertaker, after tiptoeing about getting everybody seated, had taken up his post by the door.

At this instant a late-comer appeared—a tall lanky countryman wearing a pair of squeaky shoes, togged up in his Sunday clothes, his bay-colored hair plastered flat on his forehead.

Despite the frowns and gestures of the scandalized official the late-comer went over to the coffin, took a good look at the defunct one, and then made for a seat.

Sinking down with a sigh of relief, mopping his brow, he said to his neighbor in quite audible tones:

"Hot day, ain't it!"

The man addressed nodded and made the "Hush!" sign with his lips. Nothing abashed the other went on:

"Quite a right smart lot out, ain't there?"

Another nod, and another gesture for silence. But the rustic was utterly unconscious, so he went on:

"Seen Bill?" jerking his thumb towards the bier.

Another nod from the listener. Then came the final shot:

"Looks like h–ll, don't he!"

Having a Fine Time

A rising young minister of the Methodist Church relates the following as an actual experience which he had not long ago:

There was an Irishman, whose name we will call Michael, who was very sick. The doctor had given up all hopes of his recovery, and the wife was informed of the sad end soon to come. She took it very philosophically, and in her conversations with Michael everything was

arranged, even to the funeral service. It seems he had no coat suitable to be laid out in, and with his consent it was decided to have the tailor make him a garment at once. This was done.

In a short time Michael died, and the funeral day arrived. The minister had come to speak of the good qualities of poor Michael, and to comfort the hearts of the sorrowful. Everything was ready, but there was a delay, evidently caused by the non-appearance of some important mourner. Finally the man who had general charge of the funeral, getting impatient, called up the stairs: "Tommy! Tommy! come down. They're waitin' fur ye."

The person addressed thrust his bushy head past the door, and concealed the rest of his person. Tommy's face was full of anxiety as he replied to the inquiry and said, "I can't—I can't."

"But ye must come," said the man at the foot of the stairs; "the funeral is waitin', and ye must walk wid the widder."

"But I can't," shouted Tommy, more earnestly than before. "I can't; the corpse has got me coat on."

"Och! man, what do ye mane?" said the man. "Ye must come down anyhow and walk

wid the widder. Put on the corpse's coat, and come down."

In a few moments Tommy appeared with the corpse's coat on. It was too long, and too large in every way. The sleeves extended over his skinny hands, and as he slowly descended the stairs he was occupied in trying to roll them up. It gave him a most ridiculous appearance, and as Tommy took his place beside the widow a suppressed smile was visible on every countenance. The minister could hardly restrain himself from laughter. The service, however, proceeded, and the coffin was soon carried out and placed in the hearse, followed by the minister, Tommy and the widow, and the friends. The procession was on the point of starting, when suddenly Tommy began jumping up and down, and with his arms flying shouted: "Shtop! shtop! The corpse has got me money and me spectacles in me coat. Give me the money and the spectacles."

All the money Tommy had was locked up with the corpse. It would not do for him to lose it, and make this unnecessary sacrifice. Nothing would do now but to restore the personal effects to Tommy. The coffin was carried back into the house, and the corpse removed. The coat was taken off and given to

Tommy, who immediately took off the one belonging to the corpse, and put on his own with a degree of alacrity that was delightful to behold. Tommy found his money and his spectacles all right, and seemed quite contented. The coat made by the tailor was put on the corpse, which was then replaced in the coffin and the hearse. The humor of the situation was fully appreciated, and no less by the widow than the minister; for when she let down her veil and looked up, her face was full of smiles as she said, "I was just thinkin' what a foine time Michael was havin' in Tommy's coat, wid his pockets filled wid money and a pair of spectacles."

Bereaved Again and Again

It is well at a funeral to be concise and correct in narrating the incidents of the life and character of the deceased, his family, relations, etc. The following shows an unusual caution:

Mr. Phipps died, being the third husband of Mrs. Phipps. At the funeral, their regular minister being out of town, the Methodist minister was requested to officiate. Having recently been assigned to the town, and being almost a stranger, he had to be hastily posted as to the deceased, his family, etc. At the funeral

all went well, and a stranger might have thought him an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Phipps. But he was a little foggy on the widow; for in his prayer he lost his reckoning, and brought the widow in about in this wise: "And now we commend to Thy care this widow, Thy handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again," then hesitating an instant, he added, "*and perhaps again.*"

Whether he had incorrectly ciphered up the number of husbands who had gone before, or was making allowance for one to come, we are not advised.

His First Thousand Years in Heaven

Multiples of husbands and wives do occasionally make trouble. It was the late Bishop Gilbert Haven who was reported as saying, when dying of weariness, that he "expected to rest in heaven for a thousand years with his head lying in the lap of his dear wife Mary." This poetic fancy made its impression on the mind of a worthy minister who had recently married a second wife. Being called to preach a funeral sermon, his new but second wife being present, he gave his ideas of the rest and bliss of heaven, and warming up with his theme, he exclaimed, "I expect, in the language of the

lamented Bishop Haven, to spend my first thousand years in heaven with my head on the lap of *my first wife.*" What occurred when the funeral was over and the parsonage doors closed has not been revealed.

No Knight There

At the funeral of a prominent and highly respected citizen of the name of Knight, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There will be no night there." The effect, as soprano, alto, and tenor successively took up the refrain, was well calculated to excite the risibles even of those who had gathered in any but a humorous spirit.

The Life of the Wake

There were many good things said as well as done at a General Convention of the Episcopal Church held in New York. This, for example, told by a clerical delegate from Missouri presents the "wake" question in a new and winning light:

Bridget, a good girl, who did not encumber the kitchen with "steady company," asked permission to go to a wake, which was granted.

A few days later she called for her money; she was going to leave. The mistress was sorry to hear it, and asked if she was displeased with anything. "No, I'm not," and with some hesitancy added, "I'm going to marry the corpse's husband; *he told me I was the life of the wake.*"

A Political Indignity

In Northern Pennsylvania a two-seated platform wagon is called a "democrat," while in the southwest of the State it is known only by the name "spring wagon." Rev. Mr. B——, who had recently settled in the southern part, was called upon by a Mr. F——, a warm Democrat, to officiate at the funeral of F——'s brother-in-law. At the appointed hour parson, mourners, and friends congregated at the house of the deceased, but no hearse came. After a half hour's impatient waiting, F—— came to Rev. B——, saying:

"That hearse hasn't come yet. What in the world can we do?"

Rev. B——. "Why get a democrat to carry the body."

Mr. F—— (astonished). "A Democrat?"

Rev. B——. "Why, yes; up in the northern part of the State they always take a demo-

crat to carry the corpse, if they can't get a hearse."

"Well, sir, I'll give you to understand that we don't do that down here," replied Mr. F——, and indignantly turned his back upon the bewildered parson.

Rev. B—— afterwards found out his mistake, but has not seen F—— to this day, and for all he knows F—— is still under the impression that when a hearse is wanting his northern brethren are turned into carters of the dead.

An Unpopular Corpse

"When stationed in Vermont," says a certain minister, "I was often called to attend funerals in the remote mountain towns. On one of these journeys I had driven over the mountain near Killington, and came upon a little hamlet which I supposed might be the place to which I had been called, and meeting a citizen, began to inquire for the person who had sent the call, and among other directions was pointed down the street, with the information that 'the corpse lives right down there.' On another occasion, at the funeral of a somewhat humble member of the community, the choir had assembled, and waited somewhat impatiently for the leader. One remarked: 'Wa'al, I guess he don't mean

to come. This corpse never was very popular, anyway.' "

The Cause of Death

Here is something to be enjoyed by all, and to serve as a warning to dull preachers. Among the deaths the announcement is made in usual form:

"At Bolton, after a short but severe illness, Amanda Jane, the wife of the Rev. Levi Summers."

Among the local items the cause of the illness is made public: "The wife of the Rev. Mr. Summers listened to her husband's preaching Sabbath before last, and died in convulsions the following Tuesday afternoon."

The Heft of His Wives

Old "Uncle James," who served as sexton of the orthodox church in a little village, was a man of most sober demeanor, yet not without humor. He had occasion at one time to toll the bell announcing the funeral of Brother Amos D——, an esteemed citizen, who had followed the example of Henry the Eighth by taking to himself five wives. A passer-by seeing Uncle James in the church, stepped in for a moment's conversation.

"Do you know, Uncle James," he asked, "where they are going to lay Amos?"

"Well," said the old man, transferring his quid, "I believe they are going to take him over to Smithtown; the heft of his wives are buried there."

He Wanted All the Trimmings

The Right Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Delaware, told the following story to some friends whom he was visiting recently:

"A young man came up to me one day with the remark: 'Bishop, I want you to marry me on next Wednesday.'

"'All right; I'll marry you.'

"'Well, I want the church bell to ring.'

"'Yes, you can have the bell rung.'

"'Well, I want the organ to play.'

"'All right; you can have the organ.'

"'And I want everything else anybody ever had at a church wedding.'

"'You shall have it.'

"Well, the night came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded and everything went off as the young man wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple waited, instead of leaving the chancel. So I held out my hand, shook hands with the

bride and then held out my hand to the bridegroom. He had his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and as I stood with my hand out he said, somewhat impatiently and in a tone that could be heard all over the church:

"'I'm getting the money out just as fast as I can.'

"Then everybody in the church giggled."

No Specific Charge

The following incident occurred at a wedding of some note. The minister had just finished the ceremony, when he was taken aside by the groom.

"Say, how much do you charge?" asked the new Benedick.

"Oh," said the minister, "I make no specific charges for services of this kind, usually being satisfied with whatever sum the generosity of the happy groom may prompt him to give. The law, however, allows me a fee of $2.50."

"All right," said the groom, then handing the minister a piece of silver, "here's another dollar. That makes $3.50. Will that do you?"

And the astonished minister had to say, "Yes."

Most Willing

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded

wife ——" began a young divine who had been called upon to unite in matrimony a couple from the rural districts.

"*Yaas*," promptly put in the groom, not waiting for the complete question.

"To love ——" went on the reverend questioner again as soon as he had recovered from the explosive affirmative so unexpectedly given.

"*Yaas*," came again with undiminished vigor from the groom.

"And to honor, to ——"

A third "*Yaas*" came equally forceful and prompt, to the entire defeat of Mr. Brown's scheme of gliding into the next phrase.

"To cherish ——"

"*Yaas*."

And so on through the entire paragraph. It was quite evident that the young man was willing.

I'll Do Better Next Time

A nervous groom at the conclusion of the ceremony slipped a two-dollar bill into the minister's hand, murmuring apologetically, "I'll do better next time."

CHAPTER X

Among the Baptists

Distributed

No one sect has a monopoly of clerical wit and humor. We find it equally among all denominations, and our good friends "the web-feet," as they used to be called, were not behind the door when the ability to say witty and pungent things was given out.

Close Communion

A close-communion Baptist deacon, who was in the habit of putting forth his views by telling a dream, said to a company one day:

"I had a curious dream last night; I thought I died and went into purgatory, and there I saw all denominations of Christians, excepting Baptists."

The inference to be drawn was that the latter did not need to go to purgatory, but went immediately to heaven when they died.

"Strange," said an old man present. "I

had a similar dream, and made similar observations. But I had a little more curiosity than this brother. I asked the old adversary why there were no Baptists there. 'Come with me,' he said; and taking me to a little door afar off, he opened it, and there were a dozen of them in close communion."

Misunderstood

It was in a Baptist prayer-meeting some thirty-five years ago. A good deacon was engaged, as usual, in offering a "few feeble remarks." In the course of these he was led to make the wise and very profound reflection, so seldom heard in orthodox prayer-meetings in these days, to the effect that he was a poor miserable sinner, and that had he received his just deserts, he would doubtless have been cut off and cast away long ago. "Amen!" fervently ejaculated a certain Methodist local preacher who chanced to be present. Hereupon, not unnaturally, there was a general titter on the part of the young people, and especially such of the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" as happened to be in attendance. The worthy deacon was embarrassed, and soon after sat down, covered with confusion.

The next day the local preacher was waited upon by a committee of three sisters, including

the daughter of the aforesaid deacon, giving him to understand, in very significant terms, that henceforth "his room would be better than his company." In short, they plainly requested him to discontinue his attendance at their meetings.

"Why so?" exclaimed the astonished local preacher.

"Because," they rejoined, "we consider that you grossly insulted Deacon A—— last night."

"How so?" still continued the mystified local.

"Why, by your manifestly untimely and impertinent response to a certain remark on the part of that dear old man."

"Indeed," said the local, "I beg your pardon. Believe me, it was the farthest possible from my thoughts to reflect in any manner on that most worthy brother, or to signify my approval of his own self-estimate, much less to consign him, even in prayer, to that unhappy fate to which he seems to regard himself entitled. My feeling was simply to approve of his humble spirit—his spirit of profound self-abasement—which, in consideration of his conceded excellency, I thought was very beautiful indeed."

This apology and explanation, it would seem, should have been esteemed ample. The com-

mittee, however, were inexorable. They insisted that the local preacher should in future abstain from attending their meetings.

"Very well," said he. "If my presence among you is intolerable, I shall certainly yield to your request; but, meantime, mark you, if I cannot worship with you, I shall at once set up a meeting of my own."

Hit Him Again

In a town of Illinois, lived Deacon Wright, an exemplary member of the Free-will Baptist Church. But he was troubled with the weakness as common to deacons as to other men—that of an extra tillage of the "root of evil," and the usual objection to the root spreading. The church building being in want of repair, such as replastering, painting, etc., the deacon, as well as many others, was applied to, and he contributed his mite in conformity with the parable, at least as far as the mite went. One night during prayer-meeting, Elder Woodworth presiding, a large sheet of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the head of Deacon Wright, hurting him somewhat, but frightening and enraging him much more. He sprang to his feet and cried, "I will give ten dollars towards repairing

this church!" when, in a solemn voice, Elder Woodworth responded, "Lord, hit him again!"

An Old Steer

An eccentric Baptist minister in Virginia was noted for quaint sayings. He was the owner of a fine yoke of oxen, and losing one of them—a loss he could ill afford—was well nigh inconsolable. His good wife, endeavoring to comfort him, quoted, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

"Yes, Elizabeth, I know; but I can't see what the Lord wanted with an old steer."

An Unexpected Helper

George Washington Nolly, called by common consent Brother Nolly, died in Ashland, Virginia, in the eighty-first year of his age. For fifty-eight years he had served as a Baptist minister, and was a friend to the black man as well as to his white brother. In 1841, when Dr. Maffett created such a revival of religion in Virginia, Brother Nolly was his great admirer and humble co-worker. There was an immense crowd one night in the old African Church in Richmond—then used on great occasions by the white people, on account of its size and convenience. In his exhortation, Dr. Maffett

begged his hearers not to leave the church until each sinner had repented, and said:

"My friends, would that I possessed some means of detaining you within these walls until these feeble words could touch your hearts!" A voice was heard far down the crowded church: "Keep on talking, Brother Maffett. There's only one door, and I'll see that no sinner budges till you give the word; for I'll bite his heel with my mouth." And Brother Nolly stretched himself across the threshold, his eyes glaring and his arms folded, but ready for action.

Opposed to Ornament

Mary Nolly, daughter of Brother Nolly, was fonder of pretty things than good Baptists thought proper. One morning Brother Nolly was preaching in the barn in Ashland which served on Sundays for the Baptist meeting-house. His text was the frivolities of young folks, and their devotion to the foreign aid of ornament.

"Now look at my daughter Mary," he said, in the middle of his sermon; "there she sits with those large bunches of red flowers on her bonnet, thinking more of them, I reckon, than she does of the torment which red flowers and ornaments lead to."

An Episcopalian Dog

One Sunday there was a stir during prayers when George W. Nolly was officiating. A Miss Maria Smith (great-granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall), a young Episcopalian, who lived across the road, had failed to notice her little dog, that had sneaked to church, and lay hidden under the bench upon which Miss Maria was seated. To Brother Nolly's prolonged "Amen, good Lord!" the little dog howled a mournful reply. Brother Nolly stopped praying. "Richmond," he said, addressing his oldest son, "is that your puppy?"

"No, father," answered the abashed youth; "it is Miss Maria Smith's terrier."

"Richmond, chuck that Episcopalian dog right out of the back door."

Richmond rose, obeyed, and the prayer proceeded.

Resisted Baptism

In one of the villages of Kentucky some years back, a Baptist minister and a young Presbyterian clergyman preached in the same house "night about," both preachers being present at each meeting. One evening the Presbyterian, after a discourse on Infant Baptism, proceeded to baptize several babes. The

little candidates made a great outcry, which, of course, was noted by the Baptist man. Next day a number of the converts of the latter were to be immersed in the river near by. At the appointed hour a large concourse gathered on the banks, the Presbyterian being of the number, and standing close by the water's edge. After the candidates had been immersed the Baptist took hold of his Presbyterian colleague, and said:

"Now, sir, I will immerse you."

The latter, amazed, demurred.

"Come along; I'm in a hurry!" replied the damp divine, and dragged his brother into the water.

Alarmed and indignant, the young Calvinist declared at the top of his voice that he "did not believe in immersion, was opposed to it, and would not submit to it."

The audience were much excited at the scene. The Baptist released his hold, and said:

"Young man, I will not immerse you today; but if ever again I see you baptizing little ones against their own will, and spite of their cries and kicks, as I saw you do last night, *I will dip you into the water as sure as there's a God in Israel!*"

He Redeemed the Chip

In a Western town dwelt Elder R——, a Baptist clergyman very well known throughout his state for ability and shrewdness. It is pretty generally believed, on account of his evident knowledge of the ways of the world, that he was rather "rapid" in his youth. Among his skeptical neighbors is a hotel-keeper of jovial disposition and liberal heart.

On one occasion mine host found his match in the clergyman in a worldly way. The landlord returned on a certain Saturday evening from a trip to the far West, and next morning found him, with his wife, seated in a front pew. When the plate was passed, he felt in all his pockets, but could find only a comb, jack-knife, and a circular piece of ivory marked "5," which is supposed by poker players to represent value. This latter was dropped in the plate under the vigilant eye of the pastor, but unnoticed by the sexton, whose eyes had been dimmed by age. On receiving the collection, the pastor missed the "chip," and asked the sexton for it. The latter had thrown it away, supposing it to be a mark of disrespect from some scoffer. Elder R—— knew his man, and caused the representative of value to be recovered. Next morning, as the landlord was

dilating upon his trip to a crowd of friends in his office, Elder R—— appeared, and advancing to the counter, placed the chip down with the click so familiar to connoisseurs, and asked, "Can you 'redeem' that this morning, Brother S——?"

Of course S—— could not do less than hand out a five dollar bill, and the elder departed, after expressing the hope that he might always be as lucky.

No Buttons

The late Rev. Joel Hawes, of Hartford, is remembered by many as a most eloquent divine. Singularly angular in person and quaint in manner, he preached truth in a most forcible way. On one occasion, after announcing that the usual collection would be taken for foreign missions, he added, in his most impressive manner, "And I would say to those persons who are in the habit of putting buttons into the box that I would thank them not to hammer down the eyes, for the Lord is not deceived, and as buttons they are valueless." It need not be said that there were no buttons that day.

The Oldest Preacher

Old Mr. P—— had been a Baptist preacher

for fifty years. He was quite proud of a claim he frequently made from the pulpit that in his line he was the oldest in the state. There was but one man who disputed this claim, and Mr. P—— was accustomed to dispose of him. One Sunday, bringing as usual into the sermon his favorite parenthesis, he spoke about as follows:

"Brethern and sisters, I've been a-preachin' this blessed Gospel fur fifty year, the second Sunday o' last Jinuary. I'm the oldest preacher in the State. Now old Brother J——, I've heerd, 's been a-disputin' me on that p'int, and say *he's* the oldest. Now, my brethern and sisters, Brother J—— ain't a ezactly countin' fa'r. Brother J—— *have* been a-standin' in the pulpit fur fifty-*two* year; it's a fact, and I'm not a-goin' to deny it; but"—then the old man smiled in a triumph that, though mild, was most decided—"but, brethern and sisters, the first four year o' that preachin' o' Brother J—— *he were a Methodis'*, and I count that no preachin' at all; and accordin' to *my* calkilation that fetches him down to forty-eight year, jes' two year behind me."

Her New Calico Frock

A certain Baptist parson was sometimes quite

pointed in his rebukes for disorderly deportment in church. One Sunday a young lady in the congregation had changed her seat several times during the delivery of the sermon. As she was about taking yet another seat, he said to her: "That'll do, my daughter; sit down, and keep still for the balance of the sermon. *Everybody has already seen your new calico frock.*"

A Plain Sermon

A certain Sunday a rather illiterate preacher began his discourse thus, after having chosen a simple text:

"Well, to-day, my brethern and sisters, I'm goin' to preach a little defferent from common. I've been a-preachin' big theological sarmints fur some time, but to-day I'm goin' to preach jes' a common plain sarmint—*one that the wimming and niggers can understan'*."

Immersion Hardly Warranted

In a certain city there is a colored barber, who is a very enthusiastic Baptist, and frequently engages in theological discussions. A listener approached him one day while entangled in one of these discussions with an old German from the country. The barber had

evidently been advocating rather strongly the doctrine or practice of immersion.

"Well," said the German, "I joost don't remember but three places in the Bible where immersion is mentioned at all—only three places. The first was where the Egyptians were pursuing the Israelites through the Red Sea, and the Lord caused the waters to flow back on them, and they were all immersed. The second place was where the Lord commanded Noah to take all his family into the ark, after which he caused it to rain for forty days and nights, and all those outside the ark were immersed. The third place was where the Saviour caused the devils to go into the herd of swine, and they rushed down a steep hill into the sea, and they were all immersed."

Spared the Feelings of His Friends

Dr. H——, a witty Baptist divine, filling a suburban pulpit out West, is of a practical turn of mind, and not infrequently impresses his congregation by original expositions of the Scriptures. In one of a recent series of discourses upon Lazarus, the doctor said:

"Now some fool of an infidel will say, 'How could Abraham hear the rich man calling all the way from heaven to hades?' This, my friends,

will not be difficult to comprehend when it is remembered that *we* are talking by telephone a hundred miles or more every day." *We* being the emphatic word, gave perhaps an unintentional significance to the language.

But again the doctor: "This was an actual occurrence. It was not a mere parable that the Lord was relating, but a real happening. He says, 'There was a man,' etc. Lazarus was doubtless the real name of the poor man, but the name of the rich man is not given. He is called Dives. This was not his name, however. *Dives* is simply a Latin word meaning rich, or a rich man. Now you may inquire, why was his name not also given? And the most probable explanation is that the Lord withheld the name of the deceased *out of consideration for the feelings of his surviving friends.*"

CHAPTER XI

Bishop Potter as a Humorist

Take Their Religion Seriously

"There goes the humorist of the Episcopal Church at large," said a recent Minneapolis visitor to New York, as Bishop Henry Codman Potter passed by. "He has just as much reputation for his wit in our Church as he has by reason of his being the head of our most important diocese."

"My dear bishop," a clergyman in a bustling Western town is alleged to have said to Bishop Potter, on the occasion of the latter's visit to the parish to deliver a lecture, "if—ahem—you—ah—could manage to keep from putting too much—ah—fun into your talk to-night. My people—ah—take their religion seriously, really, don't you know!"

Bishop Potter's reputation as a humorist is wide-spread. It is not limited to the organization of which he is one of the best known heads. This is due to his ability to furnish his own

joke whenever it is necessary, and to store away for future use, when it will be pat, any good story he may hear.

Bishop Potter's Crockery

San Francisco is still repeating and laughing over the good things which the bishop said on the occasion of his visit to that city to attend the Episcopal convention.

At that time the citizens vied with one another to honor him. The bishop was kept busy declining the invitations that he had not time to accept.

But one invitation that he did avail himself of was to occupy the magnificent residence of William Crocker. The house is a showy one, situated upon Nob Hill, where the early California millionaires built their homes.

One day a San Franciscan was showing the group of residences to a friend who was visiting in the city. As they approached the Will Crocker home he sprung the treasured joke which he had been saving for the right moment.

"This," said he with a flourish, "is Mr. Crocker's Pottery."

He did not recognize the gentleman who was at that moment descending the steps. It was

the bishop, who could not help overhearing, and who had a twinkle in his eye.

"I beg pardon for correcting you," he said, "but you are mistaken. This is Bishop Potter's Crockery."

The Pleasure of Disobedience

While crossing on the ferry-boat to San Francisco from the railroad station, Bishop Potter came upon a staircase across which a chain was suspended with a sign reading, "Passengers are forbidden to go upon these stairs until the boat stops."

"I want to go upon those stairs," some one overheard Bishop Potter say.

"Why?" inquired one of his friends.

"Because of that sign," answered the Right Reverend gentleman.

"I have the same impulse," put in the Bishop of Albany.

"Come on," said Bishop Potter.

And the two of them ducked their dignified heads like two boys crawling under a circus tent, and sneaked under the chains, one ecclesiastical hat being badly disarranged by the performance.

"There's nothing interesting about this lower deck," said the Bishop of Albany, looking about. The boat had not yet stopped.

"Not about the deck," explained Bishop Potter impatiently, "but don't you see the pleasure in it? We were told by that sign not to do it."

Alms Suited to the Affliction

It is a well-known fact that the bishop disapproves of the reckless giving of alms. He believes in saving alms for the deserving needy.

Somebody relates the story of the bishop's being stopped by a street beggar one evening as he was hurrying home. He is never in too much of a hurry to stop when he thinks he may be of use, so he paused, even though he was a hungry man and dinner was awaiting him a long way off.

"What's the trouble?" he asked the man.

"Can you help a poor blind man to a night's lodgin'?" began the usual whine. "I haven't a penny in my pocket, sir."

The man was a hearty fellow with a patch over one eye, the other one being closed. The bishop turned his head for an instant, and when he looked back he saw, in one quick glance, the hitherto closed eye of the beggar giving a wise wink to a friend who stood beside him.

The bishop dived into his pocket and brought forth a bogus coin that had been passed off on him a little while before.

"Don't you think if I give you this, my alms will suit your affliction?" he said.

Opposed to Fads

The bishop has a gentle laugh up his sleeve for the extremists of the antique craze. He lives in a modern home, and he does not believe in carrying the fad for antique adornments to excess.

"Let's have old things when they are useful or beautiful," he says, "but what's the sense in living like our ancestors when we know how to be more comfortable than they?"

He has some friends who carry this fad to its extreme limit, and the bishop has merrily rallied them many a time on their mania.

"Don't take to cliff-dwelling for the sake of being fashionable," he said to them once.

His own home displays a good electric bell that announces the caller by a shrill modern burr that resounds loudly. But one day when he called at his friend's house he was surprised to find no button which he might press. In its stead was an old bronze knocker of rare and early design.

The bishop applied himself vigorously to the task of rapping. No answer. Meanwhile he could see smoke coming out of the kitchen

chimney, and, by the hour, he knew that some one was preparing dinner.

He was anxious to see the family, for a pressing matter had caused him to call, so he was tantalized by the sight of the smoke. But the gate that led to the side entrance was locked, so there was no possible way to enter except at the front.

He knocked harder. No answer. At last, tired of waiting, he took out a card and scrawled across its back:

"I have decided not to come in, after all, as I have carelessly kept on twentieth century garb."

The Use of a Professor

A member of a well-known scientific society of New York tells of the bishop's being invited to address that learned body, and when he arose the natural expectation was that he would begin with some eulogy of the wonders of science. But, instead, the scientists were surprised with the following:

"Gentlemen," he said, "a lively young person tells me that she has at last discovered the use of a professor. She thought he was a creature made to look severe in the schoolroom and to ask unanswerable questions.

"These things were of no use. But now she has been to a play wherein the professor is pictured as a most amusing personage with goggles and green cotton umbrella.

"'He was a perfect foil to set off the noble hero and the charming heroine,' she explains. 'That's surely what a professor is for—a background as a relief against which the rest of the world may look delightful by contrast.'"

Boss Tweed's Suspender Button

The bishop is not only a good talker, but a good listener, and he can appreciate the other man's joke. A friend once told him an anecdote about Boss Tweed that he enjoyed heartily, and afterwards incorporated into one of his published papers with the friend's permission. He is averse to adopting the usual method of telling another's story in the first person.

This tale runs to the effect that Tweed, on one occasion, was standing with a group in the mayor's office, when a large diamond—as big as a strawberry, the bishop says—rolled upon the floor. Some one of the group picked it up and passed it around to find its owner.

"Not mine," said one after another.

Tweed fumbled with his garments for a minute, then reached for the stone.

"It must be mine," he said, "I see I've lost one of my suspender buttons."

He Knew His Pigs

The bishop's latest story has a Western setting. At the end of a day's journey a traveler stopped for the night at a small rancher's shack in Montana. As he sat on the door-step with his host a troop of children began playing about them and he asked:

"These all yours?"

"Yep."

"How many?"

"Let's see," and the rancher hesitatingly began counting them up on his fingers.

Pretty soon a drove of hogs came into view.

"Yours?" asked the traveler.

"Yep."

"How many?"

"Jest 560 to a pig," was the instant response.

Delivered From Being Spoiled

Bishop Potter tells the following story about himself. "When one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation," says the bishop, "it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as 'my

lord' whenever any service is rendered. During my various trips to Europe I found it impossible to go anywhere or do anything without being 'lorded' right and left. At last I was in a fair way of becoming spoiled, when a little occurrence mercifully delivered me. I had reached home after a run abroad, and while descending the gangplank met a friend, an old vestryman of mine. He was hurrying on board to receive his wife and daughters. Pausing midway up the plank, he grasped my hand and shouted:

"'Why, hello, Bish! How are you?'"

CHAPTER XII

Turning the Tables

Desire to Get Even

EVERYBODY loves a chance to "talk back." Such is the peculiarity of the ministerial calling that its members, through the importance of their message to mankind, are apt to develop an assumption of authority and a finality of utterance on many subjects enjoyed by no other profession. The minister is seldom or never "called down" in the pulpit, or asked to prove his assertions, and on the whole it is better so.

But this very absence of contradiction, makes us all smile when "the laugh is on the minister," and it is only fair to say that no one enjoys a story at the expense of the cloth better than the average dominie himself. And perhaps it is good for his soul's health to be taken down a peg once in a while.

Hardly Likely

A clergyman of the Northwest tells this little anecdote on himself:

"I was invited to attend a ladies' society meeting in connection with my church. At supper the acoustic defects of the audience-room were discussed, when I spoke very freely against them, saying, as a climax:

"'I believe it would have killed the animal that spake to Balaam to have brayed in it more than once.'

"'So bad as that?' soliloquized a dear friend of mine. 'Why, we hear *you* very well in it twice every Sunday.'"

He was Paid for It

One of the most eloquent and popular clergymen of Texas, being about to ascend the steps leading to his church, was asked by a partially blind old lady, who did not recognize him, to help her up the steps. With his usual urbanity he complied with her request. Just as they reached the top steps she asked him who was going to preach.

"Parson Smith," he replied, that being his own name.

"O Lord!" exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sawing wood. Please help me down again. I don't care to go in."

At first the clergyman was inclined to refuse,

but, on reflection, he gently assisted her down the steps again, remarking as they reached the bottom: "You are quite right, madam, about not going into the church. I wouldn't go in either if I was not paid for it."

He Reciprocated the Sentiment

A hard-looking tramp came into the office of the charities of a certain metropolitan church with a most forlorn story of destitution. The minister in charge had previously received unfavorable reports of this very man from the Charity Organization Society. After listening to his story he said: "I have heard all about you from the Charity Organization Society. They don't think very much of you."

"Faith thin," said the man, "we're aven, fur I don't think very much of thim or av ye yersilf!"

He Remembered the Close

A distinguished clergyman in a leading Connecticut church had one morning finished his sermon, when one of his much-impressed hearers came forward to thank him for it, and this dialogue followed:

"It is fifteen years since I heard you last.

In this very place, fifteen years ago, I heard you preach a sermon that I have never forgotten. It did me more good than any sermon I ever heard. It stuck by me, and I have always wanted to thank you for it."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the pleased preacher. "Such evidence of my poor labor is very grateful. I should like to know what sermon it was. Do you remember the text?"

"Well, no, I can't tell what the text was now, but it was the greatest sermon I ever heard. It just lifted me. I never forgot that sermon."

"I should really like to know what sermon it was," replied the clergyman, much interested in so decided a case of the power of the pulpit. "If you cannot recall the text, what was the subject of the sermon?"

"Well, now, doctor, it's gone from me; I forget what the text was and can't rake up the subject now; but I tell you it was a great sermon. It did me more good—it was the most powerful discourse I ever heard. I shan't forget it if I live to be eighty."

"But can't you recall anything in it? You excite my curiosity. Can't you give me a clew that will identify it?"

"No, I can't tell what was in it exactly; the subject has slipped out of my mind. I don't

know exactly what you said, but it was a magnificent sermon. It did me more good than all the preaching I ever heard. It has just stayed by me for fifteen years."

"And you cannot recall a word that will help me to identify it?"

"Well, I can't now bring up what it was about, but I remember how it wound up. You said, 'Theology ain't religion—*not by a darn sight!*'"

Lowered His Standing

The Rev. Dr. Eddy once gave an amusing account of the manner in which, at his own request, his standing in the church was depreciated. Soon after his settlement in Harvard Street he asked that the pulpit be remodeled. It was an elegantly made pulpit, but too high, too large, too cumbersome. One evening he appeared before the society, and was asked how much lower he desired to have the pulpit. He answered, about eighteen inches. Upon which an excellent brother arose, and moved "that the minister's standing be lowered eighteen inches." It was so voted.

Provide Bountifully

A Boston matron, who thought it would be

quite proper during the session of the Diocesan Convention of that state to give a subdued evening entertainment to the members thereof, sent to Mr. S——, the prominent caterer of the Hub, to assist in arranging the details. He asked if she intended to give a dancing party.

"Oh, no!" she replied; "the company will be largely composed of clergymen."

"In that case, madam," said he, "I would advise you to provide bountifully: them pious folk eats dreadful!"

Didn't Wish to Meet Him Again

Paul was wont to pray to be delivered from "unreasonable men." There are, indeed, not a few of this sort in the world, and they are often quite enough to vex the patience of an all-enduring Job. They remind us of a preacher who once labored in Northern Vermont. He was not lacking in earnestness, but was most vexatiously impracticable. On a certain occasion, after the patience of his Presiding Elder had been taxed to its utmost by his contumaciousness, said Presiding Elder exclaimed, "Brother A—— is undoubtedly a good man, but I pray to be permitted never to meet him again *until I meet him in heaven.*"

Must Be No Dancing

At the recent meeting of Episcopalians, at Woodbury, Connecticut, to celebrate the centennial of the installation in this country of Bishop Seabury, the first Episcopal bishop, it occurred to the assembly that it would be fitting to hold a social session, perhaps drink a cup of tea, and spend an evening in the ancient house in the town in which Bishop Seabury lived. The house was occupied by a very old lady, and a committee of clergymen was appointed (on which, we believe, was Bishop Williams), to confer with her. The committee went to the house, and had a formal interview with the occupant, informing her of their feeling in regard to the almost sacred associations of the house, and their desire, in honor to the memory of the good bishop, to meet there, assuring her that they would give her as little trouble as possible. The venerable woman heard the case fully stated, and thought there would be no objection—in fact, they were welcome to come. "But," she added, "you must understand one thing, gentlemen—I am a strict Methodist, *and there must be no dancing.*"

By Another Mother

Conversing with a witty prelate who had been

in attendance at a Triennial General Convention of the Episcopal Church, allusion was made to the curious vagaries that are manifested by the inmates of our lunatic asylums. In his capacity of visitor to one of these institutions, he encountered on a pleasant morning in one of the walks in which the poor patients are permitted pedestrian exercise an elderly person who at different times claimed to be various personages of historical renown.

"Good-morning, sir," said the visitor. "Pray whom have I the pleasure of addressing this morning?"

"Sir, I am Moses the Lawgiver," was the dignified reply.

At the next visit the same question was repeated, and the answer was, "I, sir, am the Emperor Napoleon."

"Ah, indeed! but it was only last week you told me you were Moses the Lawgiver."

"That is true, sir," was the calm response; "*but that was by another mother.*"

Services Not Needed

A certain bishop, on one of his visitations, came to one of our State prisons and offered to officiate. "No need of you here, sir," said the head jailer; "we have eight preachers safely

locked up, who are brought out each Sabbath to minister to their fellow-prisoners."

Unmistakable Proof

A gentleman of the cloth, the esteemed rector of one of the largest parishes in Chicago, a part of whose duty it is to act as visitor to one of its hospitals, wishing to know how one of the insane patients therein was getting on, asked the keeper for information. That excellent functionary blandly replied, "Oh, he's certainly getting better. I am sure of it, for he told me yesterday that he had entirely *abandoned the idea of becoming a preacher*."

Couldn't Be Plainer

A cowboy was ejected with considerable violence from a fashionable church one Sunday. The clergyman, whose personal ugliness is only equaled by his deep learning and goodness of heart, was expounding a difficult point in theology, when the cowboy, somewhat under the influence of whiskey, entered. Said the clergyman, impressively:

"Beloved brethren, let me make myself a little plainer."

"Yer can't do it, ole hoss-fly," responded the wretched creature.

An Apt Retort

A certain lady once made this retort. A clergyman told her that he had once taken a little strychnine to clear his brain.

She asked him: "How soon did the effect pass off?"

He Won the Dog

A good story is told of a well-known minister who was walking along the street one day and saw a crowd of boys sitting in a ring, with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question:

"What are you doing to the dog?"

One little boy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand him up the dog!"

An Obstinate Janitor

We are indebted to a friend in Colorado for the following, which was related by a Catholic priest, Father H——, who in his mission work in Southern Colorado and New Mexico met with

many extraordinary people and incidents. On one occasion he happened to hold service in a small out-of-the-way chapel, where the varied duties of janitor were discharged by a gentleman of Irish descent. During the service a child was brought forward for baptism. It may not be generally known that in the Roman Catholic ritual the priest, before touching the child with water, puts a little salt into the water in the presence of the congregation. The janitor, however, had prepared the water beforehand, according to his own idea as to the proportion of salt, when the priest, failing to find the salt in readiness, whispered softly to his attendant: "Pat, will you please get the salt?"

Pat responded in an audible whisper from behind his hand: "Sure an' I put it in already."

Father H——, not fully understanding, repeated his whispered request.

Again Pat replied, more audibly than before, and with slight dudgeon in his tone: "Sure an' I put it in, I tell ye."

"But the ritual demands that the *priest* should perform the ceremony before the congregation," explained Father H——, considerably annoyed at the janitor's obstinacy.

The Irishman procured the salt, and handing

it to the priest, electrified him, as well as the congregation, with the remark, delivered in a surly growl: "Here ye are; bedad ye can make a *pickle* of it if ye want to!"

How He Knew the Locality

An Irish laborer was lying in a ditch, very much the worse for liquor. He was encountered by the priest of his parish. Very much shocked, his reverence turned the drunkard over, who muttered:

"Where am I?"

"On the road to hell," replied the priest, sternly.

"I thought so," said Pat, "when I heard Father Murtagh's voice on the road too."

A Prompt Answer

Of the wise sayings of children the following is a fair specimen related by the victim. A clergyman was addressing his school and trying to enforce the doctrine that the hearts of the little ones were sinful, and needed regulating. Taking out his watch and holding it up, he said, "Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow—what shall I do with it?"

"Sell it!" shouted a flaxen-headed youngster.

Taking Up a Collection

A short time ago, a new and handsome Methodist Episcopal church was dedicated in Indiana by the good Bishop Thomas Bowman. The bishop knew just how to raise money to pay church debts; at least he had been very successful in this case.

In the afternoon the Bishop talked to the children of the Sunday-school, telling them that the building was now dedicated to the worship of God, and tried to impress upon their young minds the importance of likewise dedicating their lives to God and good works. To ascertain if they understood the subject, he asked them:

"Now how many can tell me what we were doing this morning?"

Instantly little hands went up all about in token that their owners could tell him.

"Well, now, what were we doing?"

A chorus of young voices answered, "Taking up a collection!"

The question lost all its seriousness in the laugh which followed.

CHAPTER XIII

Quaker Humor

A Common Combination

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends was accosted with the query:

"This is the way to Norwich, isn't it?"

"Friend, thee tellest a lie and askest a question both at the same time!"

And if these same Friends are sober in mien and dress, their wit is often of more than average sharpness. A few choice examples will prove the truth of this statement.

He Didn't Die

Many years ago there lived in Portland an eminent member of the Society of Friends, known in all the country around for his wit as well as for his integrity. It was long before the temperance reform was heard of, but he abhorred drink, and had a contempt for those who fuddled themselves.

He was overseer of the poor. It was his

"month" at the workhouse. A poor drunkard with delirium tremens was brought to the sick ward. The custom of those days was to "taper off" such cases with measured doses of rum. "Don't give him any liquor," said Friend Hussey to the master.

"But he'll die if he doesn't have it."

"Then charge him to me," said Friend Hussey. But the patient didn't die.

Its Time Has Come

Rev. Dr. W——, when he can find leisure, is fond of hunting and fishing. He is a keen shot and a ready wit. Coming home one day from a shooting excursion, with several ducks in his hand, he met a Quaker friend, whose salutation was,

"Good-morning, friend W——. Where did thee get those ducks?"

"I shot them," was the answer.

"Well, does thee think it is right to give pain to such harmless birds, and even to take away their life?"

"Why not?" said the doctor. "You know that they, as well as we, must all die at some time; and if they can be of use to us as food, I do not see any harm in shooting them, any

more than in killing the chickens you and I every day eat."

"Yes," said the Quaker, "I know every creature must die *when its time comes*, but it seems cruel to take its life before that time."

"Well, friend H——," said the doctor, "when, with a well-loaded gun, I get my eye on a duck, *I generally find its time has come.* So, even in your own view, there can't be any harm in killing it!"

"Ah, friend W——," said the Quaker, with a laugh, "I see it is as hard to get away from thy wit as from thy shot!"

Gravity Defined

One of the great events of the Society of Friends is the Yearly Meeting. The social character of this serious occasion is doubtless heightened by the equality which women enjoy. The world seldom sees such a gathering as a thousand or more of women, convened to conduct the affairs of their branch of "society," in solemn order, with no presiding officers but the clerk and her assistant.

"When they come up to their usual meeting," says Charles Lamb, "they show like troops of the shining ones."

About sixty years ago, among those who at-

tended the New England Yearly Meeting, held, as now, at Newport, was Martha H——, of Nantucket, about nineteen years old, whose "Quaker bonnet" did not conceal her wavy hair, bright eyes, and regular features. As Friends were not sufficiently numerous to entertain all who came to the meeting, she, with a number of others, lodged at a Friends' boarding-house kept by Sarah Perry. One evening a number, young and old, were seated in the parlor, several "men Friends" in the back part of the room, wearing their hats, as was still a Quaker custom, or *testimony*. A party of young Friends, of both sexes, sat near the windows, engaged in the innocent amusement of giving humorous definitions—a game which excited much merriment. Martha H—— possessed a ready wit, and was doubtless very animated. Whereupon one of the men Friends, an elder in the meeting, spoke to her thus: "Martha, canst thou give me the definition of gravity?"

Struck with the sudden and public rebuke, her color rose, but she answered, promptly, "I am not able to give thee a definition of my own, but perhaps that of De la Rochefoucauld will suit thee. He says that gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind."

CHAPTER XIV

Mixed Metaphors

His Bearings Were Right

APART from verbal mishaps—things one would rather not have said, to quote Du Maurier—we have as provokers of pulpit mirth the mixed metaphor. This is closely related to the Irish bull, it should be stated, and is generally perpetrated by those who are intoxicated with their own verbosity, or who become tangled up in some high-flown peroration. Sometimes the mixed metaphor arises from a deficient education. Thus, that good man, the late Father Taylor, of Boston, had little knowledge of grammar. On one occasion, when, entangled in the exuberance of his own speech, he had got quite astray, he stopped and said, "Brethren, my nominative has lost its verb, and can't find it; but I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven all the same!"

Decidedly Mixed

Probably there never was a better example of the mixed metaphor, complete in all its parts,

than the following, from a recent article in a prominent religious newspaper. We feel sure that the metaphor is all right, because the author of it is a doctor of divinity: "These seeds of pride are bursting with flame which might lay the foundations of a deluge that would with its fangs envenom my soul."

Etymo-logical

A highly cultivated minister made this contribution to etymology in a sermon on the "Beatitudes." "My friends," said the preacher, "before proceeding to unfold our subject it is necessary to give a definition of the word I have just used. Beatitude is composed of two words, 'be' and 'atitude.' *Be* means to live, to exist; and when a man lives, when he really lives, he always strikes an *attitude*. Hence we view," etc.

The Pointing Foot

A young minister was delivering his first set sermon on "The Church." He traced the steps she had trod, told of her achievements, of her heroes and martyrs, and, warming to the subject, became eloquent. "Such, my friends, is the church! Noble, grand, steadfast, holding that which is good, stimulating, encouraging,

fostering, teaching. Such is the church! With one foot firmly established on a rock, the other pointing to the skies."

Youthful Grandiloquence

Some years ago, on a circuit within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference, the junior preacher was apt to indulge in the grandiloquent style in his discourses. Upon one occasion, after preaching a very lengthy sermon on the Judgment-day, he wound up his subject by saying: "Then, my brethren, will the moon be turned into blood, the sun will expire in an apoplectic fit, and the angel Gabriel, with one foot upon the sea, the other on the land, will seize his obstreperous mouthpiece and blow a deadening blast."

Let the Vineyard Run Rampart

In a Massachusetts town some thirty years ago, when, as now, the Congregationalist parish was made up of the exoteric "society" and the esoteric "church," the profane society, which votes and pays the vulgar necessary money for parish purposes, had certain liberal views which it proposed to have carried out. The indignation of the church was great, but it found no adequate expression till one elderly

member rose and put it all in one bold metaphor: "If such things as these is to be done, Mr. Moderator, I think we had better go further; I think we'd better rip up the bars at both ends, and *let the vineyard of the Lord run rampart.*"

The Meaning of Easter

A prominent Episcopal church in a Western city had on the afternoon of Easter-Sunday a service for the children. After an impressive display of banners and flowers, some fine carols, and a responsive service, the rector proceeded to address the children.

"Now, children, who can tell me where the sun rises?"

A chorus replies, "In the East."

"Good! Why is it called the East?"

"Because the sun rises there."

"Good again! Children, what makes bread rise?"

"Yeast."

"That's it. Why is it called yeast?"

"Because it makes bread rise," ventures one small girl.

"Exactly. Now what day is to-day?"

"Easter."

"Why is it called Easter? What do we keep in mind to-day?"

"The rising."

"Right. The rising of whom?"

'Our Lord."

"That is just it. Now remember, children. You see how this comes: East, the place where the sun rises; yeast, the thing that makes bread rise;—light, light;—Easter, the day our Lord rose to give light to all the world."

The etymological skill of the worthy rector was too much for some of his listeners.

CHAPTER XV

Humors of the Choir Loft

Sins of Omission and Commission

CHURCH choirs in general, and the quartet-choir in particular, have been charged with all sorts of sins of omission and commission, but so far as is known to the present scribe the mortal sin of dulness has never been laid at their door. To the congregation in the pews, all is apparently grave decorum behind the silken curtains which veil the organ gallery, yet many are the queer happenings, "bad breaks," and really humorous situations constantly occurring, which, could they be made public, would, as the showman says, be worth more than the price of admission. All these happenings are closely allied to clerical wit and humor, seeing that pulpit and choir are closely allied in worship.

A Distinction

Among the many hard things said of choirs, nothing was more severe than an Episcopal

criticism on the ambitious performance of a quartet-choir. "It reminds me," said the bishop, "of the verse in the Psalms,"—here the organist beamed expectantly, and the vicar assumed an expression of conscious merit,—"where it says, 'The singers go *before*, and the minstrels follow *after*.'" On a similar occasion another bishop is said to have thoughtfully remarked that he now understood why, in the Prayer-Book, a distinction was made between "choirs and places where they sing."

How to Sing

One Sunday, some years ago, after the choir at Oberlin College had sung without distinctly pronouncing the words, President Finney, in his prayer, alluded to the choir as follows: "O Lord, we have sung an anthem to Thy praise. Thou knowest the words, but we do not. We do pray Thee that those that lead us may open their mouths that we may know what they say, so that we may join in Thy praise. May they not sing to be heard of men, nor mock Thee and offend Thy people or the house of God, by merely displaying themselves."

Improbable Tales

There are certain stock jokes about the choir

and its music, as for instance the old one about chopping the words of an anthem. The story goes that the quartet arose to sing a pretentious piece. First the soprano announced that she would wash; then the tenor affirmed that he too would wash; no sooner were the words out of the tenor's mouth than the bass gave out that he also would wash; the alto, not to be left out of the weekly ablutions, stated firmly that she would wash. Then the four ends were gathered up, and the quartet informed the listeners that, severally and collectively, they would wash their hands in innocency. While the story is funny enough, it must be apocryphal, for no composer out of bedlam would commit himself to such a ridiculous sequence, nor would any director fail to see the ludicrous side. So with the tale about the sailor's definition of an anthem. These are simply funny stories, but they do not bear the hall-mark of genuineness, because they are so wildly improbable.

His Defenseless Head

Upon one occasion a bass was the innocent source of much covert merriment. It was summer time, and he had indulged in a very close hair-crop. At the offertory on the next Sunday he arose and sang a solo in which were

the words "Cover my defenseless head." The congregation may not have seen the point, but the choir did.

He Waited for the Lord

The bass in a certain church once made a ready retort. The anthem was Mendelssohn's "I waited for the Lord." After a duet between the soprano and alto, the bass enters to the "I waited for the Lord." For some reason the singer missed his cue, and failed to come in on time. Being taken to task by the organist afterwards, and asked why he did not come in, he replied, "I waited for the Lord." Said the organist, "Your excuse is a good one, Mr. Smith."

A Bit of By-Play

Here is a veritable happening in the musical annals of a prominent Episcopal church in uptown New York, in which the tenor of the quartet was the hero. Salaries were usually paid on the first Sunday of the month, but sometimes the treasurer would forget to draw the checks, and then the matter would lie over for another week. It so happened that, on a particular Sunday, Mr. Tenor wanted his stipend—and wanted it badly. Morning serv-

ice passed, and no checks were forthcoming; the evening service began, still no checks. Something desperate must be done. The treasurer—a good fellow and a good friend of the choir—was in his pew down-stairs. But how to remind him, short of making an actual appeal, was the momentous question. The fertile brain of the tenor was equal to the emergency. The moment was at hand when the "Gloria Patri" was to be sung. So leaning over to the rest, the tenor adjured each one to emphasize very strongly the word "ghost," as a reminder to the treasurer that the "ghost had not walked" on that particular day. The quartet sang the word as requested; the clever treasurer took the hint, and the checks were made out that night in the vestry. Of course the congregation was in blissful ignorance of this bit of rather irreverent by-play.

A Direct Address

In a certain church the choir was seated behind the congregation in a small gallery. The rector was preaching a sermon addressed especially to young men. The tenor was of a restive and nervous temperament which made it very difficult for him to sit still for any length of time without fidgeting. On this occasion he

was particularly restive, had turned sidewise in his seat towards the soprano, and was amusing himself by trying to poke a splint torn from a palm-leaf fan through the hoop of her earring. Engrossed in this delectable occupation he utterly failed to notice that the rector had stopped short in his sermon, and was gazing intently in his direction. Just as the silence was becoming noticeable, the preacher raised his arm, and pointing with outstretched finger at the unconscious culprit thundered out:

"You, young man! I am talking to you!" and then went on with his discourse. The rebuke struck home; there was no more trifling; and yet, owing to the topic of the evening, the words passed current as part of the sermon, and the episode was entirely unnoticed by the congregation.

The Organist's Selection

The organist and quartet of a once prominent down-town church were engaged for a choral wedding. Just before the wedding party arrived, one of the ushers came up-stairs and asked what hymns had been selected. The organist, a dry old German, did not know, and said he supposed the officiating minister or the family would attend to that.

"No," said the usher, "I think you had better make the selection. What would you suggest?"

"Well," was the matter-of-fact reply, "suppose we sing 'What shall the harvest be!'"

An Intended Honor

Upon another occasion, in a Methodist church, Bishop John P. Newman was expected to preach. Out of compliment to him, the committee in charge of the service suggested that the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," be sung, which was done. Whether the good bishop appreciated the vicarious honor thrust upon him was never discovered.

No Christian

It is said that during one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker approached a young man with the question, "Are you a Christian?" The young man looked up, smiling good-naturedly, as he replied: "Oh, no, sir; I am one of the choir!"

In Doubt

Once upon a time, yet not so very long ago, a church on Brooklyn Heights was hearing

voices for the post of solo contralto. A lady presented herself whose name was Dennis. She changed it for something else long ago, so she will not mind if she should read this particular reminiscence. Her candidacy was hopeless from the start, for certain reasons, and as she stood chatting, one of the committee came forward and said to her pleasantly:

"You are not the first singer I've heard whose name was Dennis!"

"Indeed!" was the calm and unruffled rejoinder. The slang phrase was newly coined then, and from that day to this those who heard the remark have never known whether it was a chance shot, and whether the young singer saw the point.

A Slight Mishap

A certain fashionable quartet was engaged for a home funeral. As is usual on such occasions the singers, with the minister, were placed on the stairs. In this particular house, the staircase was of hard-wood, and the quartet was seated on the first floor landing. There was no instrument, and hence it became necessary to get the pitch from a tuning-fork. The bass drew one from his pocket and proceeded to give the key-note. Unfortunately, the fork—a

very large one—slipped from his fingers, and with the total depravity of some inanimate things, went bounding and ringing down that long flight of bare stairs, landing amid the solemn hush with a final clang at the feet of the astonished clergyman.

He Couldn't Blow Hard Enough

In a country church the regular organ-blower was absent. A country youth was impressed into service and told to "take hold of the handle and blow till the 'tell-tale' came into sight and then keep it there." The organist gave the signal for wind. No response. A second signal, more vigorously; no wind. A third signal, violently; nothing. The organist rushed around to learn the trouble. There stood the new blower, grasping the bellows handle most vigorously, and blowing with all the strength of his lungs—cheeks distended, eyes bulging, red in the neck—at the place where the "tell-tale" ought to show. "I can't make the blamed thing come, no matter how big a breath I take," was all he said.

Stopped Just in Time

A certain choir was practicing Easter music. In a particular anthem there occurred the words: "But Thou didst not leave his soul in

hell." It was a chorus phrase, with a strongly marked crescendo, which the singers utterly failed to render properly. At length the organist impatiently exclaimed: "Sing louder and louder until you come to," and then he stopped, just in time.

A Sudden Change

A "supply" preached on "Hell" in a Presbyterian church recently. He pictured in burning words the terrors awaiting the unrepentant wicked in the next world. His sermon made a deep impression on the congregation. The organist had not known the subject of the sermon when he selected the response, and thought no more about it; he began to play the air *pianissimo*, and a broad grin spread over every face. The doctor looked appealingly and beckoned to the organist, and then turned over the leaves of the hymn-book with desperate eagerness. The organist left his pipes, and hurried down to the preacher.

"We must change that response," whispered the latter.

"Why?" asked the organist innocently.

"I have been preaching on 'Hell,'" said the doctor, "and the response you have chosen is, 'What Must it Be to be There?'"

A New Version

The rector of a certain parish was "High-Church," and the cross was regularly carried in the processional. But the bishop of the diocese was "Low-Church," and disapproved of that particular custom. Being about to officiate in the church one Sunday, the bishop insisted that the cross be left behind. The rector so instructed his choir, and at the same time gave them the "tip" to sing the refrain of the processional as follows:

"Onward Christian Soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Left behind the door!"

which they conscientiously did for the whole of the four verses.

Slightly Inappropriate

The musical sense of the country choir is probably keener than their sense of the ludicrous and of the fitness of things, as witness the following extraordinary program in a country Methodist church on the morning of Easter-Sunday. The organ prelude was from *Pinafore*—

Farewell, my own—
Light of my life, farewell.

The first hymn, in the midst of the radiant sunshine of that morning, was,

> Softly fades the twilight ray
> Of the blessed Sabbath day.

The anthem was the "Evening Hymn to the Virgin." The blissfully ignorant lads and lassies sang with as much unction to the peaceful congregation the

> Ave sanctissima—we lift our souls to thee;
> Ora pro nobis—'tis nightfall on the sea,

as they afterwards put into the rousing hymn,

> I'm glad salvation's free,
> I'm glad salvation's free;
> Salvation's free for you and me—
> Bless God, salvation's free!

Done Brown

A gentleman in one of the interior towns of this state has a musical friend who has a particular dislike to a tune called "Brown," not so much on account of its musical demerits, as from the frequency with which it is selected. On a recent Sunday morning, after a fresh repetition of "Brown," the gentleman drew a tomb-

stone, inscribed thereon the following obituary of his friend, and passed it around to his sympathizing companions:

Here lies
H—— S——,
Born ———,
Died ———.

Kind friends, draw near
And let the tear
Of sympathy roll down,
While I relate
His mournful fate:
He died of too much "Brown."

Now, free from care,
And gone to wear
A bright immortal crown,
He endless days
Sings songs of praise,
Unless the tune is "Brown."

He Loved to Steal

Trouble had arisen among the singers of a certain church, and on one Sabbath morning the minister found himself without a choir. He read the old familiar hymn, commencing "I love to steal a while away." In the absence of the choir one of the deacons threw himself into

the breach and undertook to lead off. He pitched the tune and sang "I love to *steal*," but had it so high that he broke down. He tried it a second time, and again broke down at *steal*, it was so low. Not discouraged, he tried it the third time, and sang "I love to *steal*," and then went down as before. At this point the audience became amused, and the minister arose and said, "It is greatly to be regretted. Let us pray."

There Still is Room

We have all laughed at the humor of the clergyman who, after performing a marriage ceremony, gave out the hymn beginning with, "Deluded souls that dream of heaven." Here is a mate for it. Sometime ago, in a church at Troy, New York, a couple were married. The bride's Christian name happened to be Mercy. The minister gave out a hymn, one line of each verse being, "In Mercy's arms there still is room." One of the congregation at least put a literal meaning to it, for after the service was over, he came up to a friend, stammering, "I—I do-don't know about there being any more room in Mercy's arms. I think they are pretty we-well filled now."

Was a Bit Nervous

In a down-town church, as the story goes, there was introduced a new hymn one Sunday, and, after the close of the services, the organ blower found his way to the player's bench and asked in a meek voice: "How did the music for that new hymn go this evening?"

"Oh, very well, very well, indeed," replied the organist; "but why do you ask?"

"Well," said the blower, "I'll tell you the truth. I was a bit nervous and a bit worried about it, for, you see," he went on explaining, "I never blowed for that hymn before."

Tit for Tat

"In a church I attended as a boy," says a well-known public man, "there were frequent clashes between the minister and the choir. The minister thought the choir irreverent and unmusical. The choir thought him a back number. Each tried to give the other a dig on every possible occasion.

"One Sunday, I remember, there was a clash wherein the honors were about even. The minister, after the choir had sung the opening hymn, said with a significant smile, that his text would be from Acts 20: 'And after the uproar was ceased.' But the choir, at the ser-

mon's end, retorted neatly with the anthem, 'It is Time to Awake From Sleep.'"

Appropriate Hymns

Every one who has read and enjoyed Mark Twain as he ought to be read and enjoyed, will remember a very funny and irreverent story about an organist who was asked to play appropriate music to an address upon the parable of the prodigal son, and who proceeded to play with great spirit, "When Johnny comes marching home." This recalls the story of the St. Louis pastor who one day said to his choir-master, "To-morrow I shall preach a sermon on the wide-spread sin of 'boodling,' as illustrated in the recent shocking disclosures of official corruption in our city. If possible let one of your musical selections for the morning service be appropriate to the theme."

Accordingly the choir next morning sang as the anthem, in the most feeling manner:

"I love to steal awhile away."

Was Not Acquainted With It

At a musical where the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, known as the "singing priest of Chinatown," was a guest, a young woman, with

a robust soprano voice, did most of the entertaining. She was very proud of her accomplishments and her musical education. She sang songs in German, Italian, French, and English. When she appeared to have exhausted her repertoire and the company present were wishing for a change in the program, Father McLoughlin paid her some compliments and added:

"Why, Miss Jones, I think you could sing *ad infinitum*."

"I really don't know it," responded the obliging woman, "but if the music is here, I'll try it."

A Severe Strain on Sensitive Nerves

Rev. E. P. Tenney, the genial and witty President of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational church in a seacoast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation party, among the presents being a fine new dress coat for the pastor, and a tasteful bonnet for his better half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?"

A Slight Change

Time was when the ornate in music was heard only in the Roman Catholic Church, or in some of the more wealthy Episcopal congregations. That time, however, has long passed; and in our day there may be heard in Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and other Protestant churches, music arranged from the best Roman masses, or from the choicest gems of the opera. This matter was very neatly hit recently by a worthy minister whose taste ran to plain song. He was accidentally officiating in an opulent congregation where the quartet-choir was of the very first order. The ordinary announcement is, "*Let us sing* the 173d hymn;" but this outspoken, homespun old gentleman, knowing the ground on which he stood and the audience whom he addressed, said, in rotund voice, looking squarely at the people: "*We will now listen to the singing* of the 173d hymn!"

CHAPTER XVI

The Horsy Dominie

The Clergyman and His Horse

Is there any good reason, in either theology or morals, why a minister should not love and admire a good horse? We trow not, and yet we can see how an inordinate passion for the equine race might make the judicious grieve. There are many good stories concerning clergymen and horses, some of them told by the gentlemen themselves.

He Acknowledged a Difference

One of the best deals with a well-known bishop and a rather refractory minister-in-charge who was very fond of driving fast horses, greatly to the scandal of the elect in the parish.

Time and time again did the good diocesan remonstrate, always to be met with promises of amendment, which sooner or later were sure to be broken.

At last, word reached the bishop that the clergyman had taken to driving tandem! This was the last straw to the limit of endurance, so the good man hurried over to see the offending brother.

"But I don't see the difference between driving a pair of horses abreast and driving them one ahead of the other," objected the culprit.

"My dear brother, let me give you an illustration; there is all the difference in the world. For example, when I raise my hands to pronounce the benediction, I keep them side by side, the thumbs touching. But what would you say if I were to elevate them thus,"—raising his hands to his nose, with fingers outspread, the thumb of the right hand touching the little finger of the left, in the posture known to wicked little boys as "taking a sight!"

Knew the Breed

Few clergymen are better known or more highly esteemed in the United States than the Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime. Writing of the enthusiasm which Southern people, especially Kentuckians, entertain for fine horses, he says:

"I was visiting a great planter in Kentucky, near Lexington, while attending the Presbyterian

Assembly. He wanted me to see a couple of colts, six weeks old; and when they were brought out, I said, 'Morgan colts.'

"'Why,' he exclaimed, 'do you know a Morgan colt when you see it?'

"'Certainly,' said I, 'or an Eclipse colt.'

"'Well done!' said he. 'I never saw a minister before that knew a Morgan horse, or any other, at sight. *Why, sir, you can have a call to any church in Kentucky.*'"

An Episcopal Horse

The Rev. Dr. Broadus, an old Baptist parson famous in Virginia, once visited a plantation where the darky who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in.

"Have you two barns?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sah," replied the darky: "dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes' built a new one."

"Where do you usually put the horses of the clergymen who come to see your master?"

"Well, sah, if dey's Methodis's or Baptis's, we gen'ally put 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals, we puts 'em in de new one."

"Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

Limit of Piety in Texas

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, is believed to be responsible for the following. Once upon a time two old Texas rangers, who had just helped bury a neighbor, were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, if he was in real earnest.

"Wa'al," said the other, reflectively, "I think ef a man gets so 't he can swop steers or trade hosses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

Fond of Rhythm

One evening Deacon Mark Currier—or "Kiah," as it is still pronounced in Newburyport, Massachusetts,—was conducting a prayer-meeting in Parson Milton's vestry. Now his reading, which was all-sufficient for the occasion, was mainly confined to the Bible and the psalmody of Dr. Watts, whom he considered infallible in doctrine and in versification. Of course, to a mind like his, rhythm was the essence of poetry, and as he could not for a moment suppose that Dr. Watts would sacrifice the proper jingling of the ultimate to sentiment or

expression, he made the last syllables of the lines strictly conformable.

"'Broad is the road that leads to dath,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path
With here and there a travellaire.'"

He Was Wide Awake

Deacon Currier was somewhat deaf, and he, moreover, had a habit of sleeping at intervals through the sermon, sometimes even beginning his nap before the closing of the hymn that preceded the discourse. Thus it was that one Sunday Parson Milton failed to make himself understood by him when he related how an angel came down from heaven and took a coal from the altar, with which he touched the lips of Isaiah. Currier called upon him the next day, and asked him if he had found his colt.

"What colt?" demanded the parson.

"Why, that air colt o' yourn you give notice about in the sermon yesterday, that an Indian came down from Haverhill and took it by the halter," replied the sympathetic deacon.

"I tell you what, Mark," replied the minister, "I'll keep you awake in the future, so that

you'll know the difference between Bible and horse talk."

True to his intention, on the next Sunday he gave out an unusually long hymn, on which the bass-viol sawed away so long that at its close the top of the deacon's head had fallen back on the railing of his pew, and his mouth was set for a fly-trap. Quietly the parson then rose in the pulpit, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "'Mark!'"

In an instant Currier jumped to his feet, and before he could realize where he was, answered the supposed call upon him with an equally loud "Halloo!"

Perfectly regardless of him, Parson Milton continued: "'Mark,' I say, 'the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.' You will find these words in the thirty-seventh Psalm and thirty-seventh verse."

During the sermon that followed, Deacon Mark Currier, it need not be added, was wide-awake.

CHAPTER XVII

Anecdotes to the Point

Good Story-tellers

THE ability to "point a moral and adorn a tale" by some witty and apposite story is no less an attribute of the clergy than of the other forensic professions, the bar and politics. And like their brothers of the two latter pursuits the clergy are nearly always good story-tellers. Frequently these anecdotes bring down the game at the word "Fire!"

Fond of the Juice

A generation since, the Rev. Dr. C—— was pastor of the largest Congregational church in the city of New York. Intellectually he was a very strong man, and especially strong, even to bitterness, in his opposition to slavery and to intemperance. One winter, when preaching a course of evening sermons on temperance, he was invited out to supper to meet a few friends. Just as the company was beginning to arrive,

the lady of the house turned to her husband and exclaimed, "Oh, John, Dr. C—— is coming, and for dessert we are to have brandied peaches!"

The husband appreciated the unfortunate aspect of affairs, but declared it was now too late to alter their arrangements.

Supper was soon ready, and the lady's heart sank within her when the peaches were served. Dr. C—— took a peach, and swallowed a mouthful, washing it down with a teaspoonful of the brandy. Great was the relief of the lady that no remark followed. Finally the peach was eaten.

"Dr. C——," said the lady, "will you take another peach?"

"Well, I think not," said the doctor; "but," he added, reflectively, "I'll take another saucerful of the juice, if you please."

A Woman in the Case

Some years ago, Bishop Potter of New York was addressing a meeting interested in municipal reform which was composed largely of ladies; in fact the gathering had been called together for the express purpose of enlisting the sympathies and the labors of the women of the metropolis in certain burning questions of the day.

The witty bishop was down for a speech, and prefaced his remarks with the following story:

One day in Paris a painter at work on the outside of a house fell off his swinging scaffold to the pavement beneath and was instantly killed. The official who listened to the evidence in the case inquired:

"What caused the man to fall?"

"We do not know, your honor."

"Go and find out; *cherchez la feme,*" was the unexpected reply.

"But there was no woman in the case," said the witnesses.

"Do as I tell you," said the judge; "*cherchez la feme!*"

So they went out to look for the required evidence, but came back unsuccessful; they said no woman could be found who knew anything about the case. But the judge was insistent; he sent them away a second and even a third time.

At length the men came back and said:

"Your honor was right; there was a woman in the case! The deceased saw her pretty face at a neighboring window and turning around to flirt with her lost his balance, fell, and was killed!"

"I told you so!" said the wise judge.

Effects of Seasickness

Certain crises or situations in life will make frail men and women forgetful of their ordinary good manners or even good behavior, and in illustration this anecdote is told by a well-known cleric:

I was crossing on an Atlantic liner once when the sea was very rough and nearly all the passengers were very seasick. Patrolling the promenade deck one day, I came across a lady in a reclining-chair in the very extremity of prostration. By her side was the figure of a man in such total collapse from the same disorder that he had fallen over and his head was resting in the lady's lap.

As she seemed to be otherwise quite alone I ventured to address her, saying,

"Madam, can I be of any assistance?"

She feebly shook her head for answer, being apparently too far gone for speech.

"But," I went on, "surely I must do something for you; it seems you are unattended since your husband appears to be in greater distress than yourself."

Imagine my surprise when the lady murmured with the utmost abandon of weakness and indifference:

"He is not my husband; I never saw him before!"

It Sounded All Right

A New England clergyman, having allowed his church to get into a bad state of disrepair, was about to restore it. He commenced with the sounding-board over the pulpit, and after putting it right he called in his coachman with a view to testing it, and made a speech from the pulpit.

"How does that sound, James?"

"It sounds very well, sir; I heard every word," replied the coachman.

"Now, James, you change places with me, and say something."

James at once entered the pulpit and said very distinctly, and even emphatically: "I haven't had any wages for a month. How does that sound, sir?"

Not Too Long

A good rustic retort comes from Newfoundland. The chapel of a fishing village used to depend for its services on the occasional help of the clergy of the nearest town. One very wet Sunday the clergyman who volunteered to do the duty drove over in a hack.

Tolling the chapel-bell himself, he announced his arrival to the natives, but for a long time no one appeared.

At last one solitary person came in and took a seat at the very back of the chapel. The clergyman then found his surplice and conducted the service. That ended, he remarked to his audience of one that perhaps a sermon was superfluous.

"Oh, please go on, sir," was the flattering reply, and the clergyman mounted the pulpit.

In the course of his address he expressed the fear that he was wearying his hearer, and was gratified to be told that he could not be too long. The sermon, consequently, was lengthened out to some forty minutes.

When it was ended the preacher expressed a desire to shake hands with a man who had listened to him with such evident appreciation. Imagine his consternation at discovering on a nearer view (for he was somewhat short-sighted) that he had been preaching to the driver of his hack, who was all the while charging overtime!

Didn't Like the Mixture

A good old Presbyterian elder, living at M——, Illinois, as a minor part of his business, sold the cobs which came from his steam-sheller. One day he received a note from a minister known for his close ideas of economy, asking

that a load of cobs might be sent to his house, signed, "Yours, in the blessed Gospel of our," etc. The old elder, not fancying this sanctimonious mixing up of religion with cobs, sent the cobs, with a little note signed, "Yours, in the cob business."

Three Good Acts in One

An eminent New York divine, in the course of an address at a fraternity dinner recently, told this story. Said he: "I met a Brooklyn friend a few days ago, and as he appeared to be feeling in an unusually exuberant frame of mind, I asked him why. He replied that he was happy because he had done three good actions the day before. He had met a poor woman on the street. The woman held a sickly-looking child in her arms, and she was weeping. Inquiry showed that she was weeping because she was convinced that her child was dying, and unbaptized.

"'But,' said the Brooklyn man, 'why do you not have the child baptized?'

"'Because I have no money, and the fee for baptism is one dollar,' said the woman.

"Whereupon the good Samaritan handed the woman a ten-dollar bill, gave her his address so

that she could bring back the change—which she did return—and went his way.

"'That is one good action,' I said, 'Now for the other two.'

"'Oh,' observed the Brooklyn man, 'they are all three in that one. First, I relieved the sorrows of a weeping woman; second, I assured the child of eternal salvation; and third ——' Here he hesitated.

"'Yes?' I asked. 'What was the third?'

"'Well,' said the Brooklyn man, 'the third was that I got rid of that vile counterfeit ten-dollar bill I had been carrying for more than a year.'"

Lived on Spiritual Food

When Dr. Rice was at the head of the Theological Seminary at Prince Edward, a parish in Virginia sent to him for a minister. Of course they wanted all the gifts and graces—a scholar, orator, pastor, fine writer, and a perfect gentleman—all for four hundred dollars a year. Dr. Rice answered by advising them to send to heaven for Dr. Dwight. He was the only such man he knew; and as he had been living a good while on spiritual food, he *might possibly live on four hundred dollars.*

Proved His Brotherhood

Among the stories told to the Christian Endeavorers while they were in convention in Boston was one to illustrate the universal brotherhood of man, and concerning a peripatetic of the barefooted variety and a farmer, who was also a church deacon. The deacon was taking lunch under his own vine and fig-tree, and unto him the peripatetic said:

"Sir, I'm very hungry."

"You haven't been shaved," replied the deacon.

"No, but I'm very hungry."

"You're very dirty, into the bargain."

"Yes, but I'm very hungry."

"Well, can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"No, I can't."

"Will you say it for a piece of bread?"

"I will."

The deacon started in with "Our Father," at the same time cutting off a slice as he enunciated the words. The tramp repeated "Our Father," then suddenly asked:

"Did you say 'Our Father'?"

"Yes, 'Our Father.'"

"Stop just a moment," continued the dirty man. "You mean your father and my father?"

"I do," answered the deacon.

"Then we are brothers," triumphantly proceeded the unshaved.

"We are."

"Then, for our father's sake, cut that bread thicker and cut it quicker."

The Test of Small Things

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst once delivered himself of a story in the course of his sermon in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. The sermon was upon social shams.

An African chief became converted and moved to London, where he wore fashionable clothes and behaved in every way as an irreproachable gentleman. One day he was giving a lecture in a church on the advantages of a peaceful, civilized life. His collar didn't fit very well and in attempting to adjust it he tore open the buttonhole. The ripping shirtband brought back all his old savagery and he shouted out that civilization was all a sham and he wished he was back in his old life. Whereupon he pulled off his collar, his coat and trousers and finally stood in the garb of the unadorned savage. Then he set fire to the church and took to the woods.

"If his buttonhole had been a little stronger," added Dr. Parkhurst, "he would probably have

remained an irreproachable gentleman the rest of his life. That's the way with much of our civilization and virtue. A very small thing will reveal the real conditions."

No Coal Needed

Father Brady was a very popular priest in the old border town of Wellville up in Northern New York. Beloved by Protestant and Catholic alike, he lived a contented life, among his people and his books.

At the time of the coal miners' strike when the price of anthracite was soaring, the good Father discovered that the coal supply of the church was practically exhausted, and there was no money in the treasury to purchase more. Accordingly he announced that he intended taking up a collection for this purpose, and taking a plate, after his sermon, he went up and down the aisles, giving every one a chance to contribute.

Much to his surprise, as he extended the plate towards one "old son of the sod" he was given a shrewd smile and wink instead of money. The Father, however, thought this meant that Patrick was not prepared to give that day and would do so later.

Not securing enough money at this time, the

following Sunday he made another collection, paying particular attention to those who had not given the previous time. Coming again to Patrick, he was greeted in the same manner. Meeting him on the street a day or two later, the Father said, "Patrick, why did you not help us last Sunday?"

"Ah, that's all right, Father, it's all right, an' I niver'll say wan wurd."

"Why, Patrick," said the mystified priest, "you'll not say a word——"

"It's all right——"

"What do you mean?"

"Ha, Father," said Patrick, pulling his forelock, "beggin' yer pardin, sor, but don't yer think I know that th' church air het be stame?"

A Heap Behind Time

Returning from a meeting of a Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, the smoking-car of the train was, as usual, well filled with those who enjoyed the solace of the weed. Besides members of the Conference there were among the smokers gentlemen of other professions—planters, lawyers, merchants, and of course a few generals, colonels, and majors. The talk drifted naturally towards matters that had come

before the Conference, and to subjects connected with religion and morals. They were not all Methodists, nor agreed as to the best form of church organization. One, a Presbyterian, was quite outspoken in his belief of the superiority of that form of polity to which he had been educated; another was equally decided as to the efficiency of the Baptist system; a third had no doubt that the Episcopal church had the advantage of all in its antiquity and the beauty of its liturgy. Among the passengers was a good-natured fellow, a railroad man, evidently well "set-up," who had listened in wonder to the inharmonious talk. He now thought, to use his own expression, that he would "take a little hack at it" himself, which he did by saying, in a quiet way, "Well, you see, I'm just running along on the good old Methodist schedule, I am; but, boys, *I reckon I'm a heap behind time.*"

CHAPTER XVIII

Beecheriana

Three Classes of Men

FEW of the great preachers of this country were so felicitous in illustrating their subjects, whether in the pulpit, on the lecture platform, or on the rostrum, as Henry Ward Beecher. And, like his great contemporary, Abraham Lincoln, and also like all men of genuine humor, he had the art or the knack of saying very droll things with a face of most impassive gravity.

All the Beecher family excelled in humor of a more or less pungent flavor, and so marked were the personal peculiarities of this family of preachers that a witty minister said the people of the world might be classified as "the good, the bad, and the Beechers."

Absent Minded

Of Lyman Beecher—the old original Lyman—the following story is told:

A Western man, when a boy, attended Beech-

er's church in Cincinnati, and as his family resided at Walnut Hills he was often at the preacher's house. Once he was present at family worship, conducted by the old gentleman, who was notoriously absent-minded. When the time came to sing a hymn, Lyman Beecher started to accompany the tune on his violin, and very devoutly played the hymn through. Then he switched off upon the track of another and totally different melody, then another, and finally swung into "Yankee Doodle" and the "Fishers' Hornpipe"! In his abstraction there was no telling what he would not have rendered with spirit and relish, for he was an expert performer upon the king of instruments. But Mrs. Beecher, who was properly scandalized, pulled him by the coat-tails, and suggested that it would be better to resume the interrupted family devotions.

A Hog at Every Plate

When Lyman Beecher was settled over the Bowdoin Street church in Boston, his son, Henry Ward, used to be one of the boys who on Saturday afternoons would fight the Charlestown boys on Long Bridge.

The sexton of the church knew what was going on, and told young Henry that he would better

let the fellows from Charlestown alone; they were much stronger than the Boston boys.

"Now," said he, emphasizing his caution, "you see how it is. When a Charlestown boy comes over here to dinner he gets a single slice of pork for his meal; but when you go to Charlestown for dinner you'll find a hog at every plate!"

Herbert Spencer and Theology

Herbert Spencer, the great English philosopher, made a brief visit to the United States in 1882. On that occasion a banquet was given in New York in his honor, and Henry Ward Beecher was one of the orators. In the course of his speech the great preacher said:

"I am asked how I reconcile Spencer with theology. I don't! A man who has a bald-headed deacon watching everything he does, or a gold-spectacled lawyer—not a fat one (looking at Mr. Bristow) but a long, lean, lank one (glancing at Mr. Evarts)—cannot afford to talk Spencerism from the pulpit.

"It is to be borne in mind that when a man is driving a team of fractious horses that are just about all he can manage anyhow, he is not in a state of mind to discuss questions with the wife

by his side who is undertaking to bring up delicate domestic matters."

It has been said that Herbert Spencer had no sense of humor, but he joined heartily in the laughter which Mr. Beecher's speech provoked.

Needed Rest

"Pew sleepers are one of the bugbears of preachers," said the Rev. Robert Collyer, the veteran New York minister. "I can speak feelingly from experience. On one occasion, when Henry Ward Beecher asked me to go to Plymouth Church to talk to his people, he remarked—jokingly, let us hope—that most of them were hard-working folks who needed plenty of rest on Sunday, and he felt that a sermon from me might be gratefully received.

"In the course of my talk I mentioned this, and said that it was, however, a matter upon which my feelings could not be hurt, and that I owed this imperviousness to Mr. Beecher himself. I told them that one Sunday, years before, when I was attending a service at old Plymouth, and Mr. Beecher was thundering forth, I saw one of his deacons asleep in a front pew.

"I went on to say that always after this, whenever I saw a man slumbering peacefully

through my most stirring efforts in the pulpit, I would say to myself:

"'Well, let him sleep! Even the great Beecher can't keep them all awake!'"

Couldn't Hit the Mark

During the pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher in Indianapolis he preached a series of sermons upon drunkenness and gambling, incidentally scoring the men of the community who profited by these sins. During the ensuing week he was accosted on the street by a would-be assailant, pistol in hand, who demanded a retraction of some utterance of the preceding Sunday.

"Take it back, right here!" he demanded with an oath, "or I will shoot you on the spot!"

"Shoot away!" was the preacher's response as he walked calmly away, hurling over his shoulder this parting remark:

"I don't believe you can hit the mark as well as I did!"

Prayed With His Fingers

For many years John Zundel was organist at Plymouth Church, and in all that time he was ever Mr. Beecher's spiritual coadjutor through

the medium of his music. "I cannot," he said, "pray with my lips; I pray with my fingers!"

How He Read Books

Beecher was a voluminous reader, but withal a very rapid one. To Dr. Lyman Abbott he said once:

"I never read a book through. A book is like a fish; you cut off the head, you cut off the tail, you cut off the fins, you take out the backbone, and there is a little piece of meat left!"

Like a Gate

Upon another occasion Beecher said, speaking of texts:

"A text is like a gate. Some ministers swing back and forth on it; I push it open and go in!"

Beecher as a Joker

Beecher dearly loved a joke, and would even at times indulge when the season might not seem propitious to one who did not know him well.

The last Sunday morning of his ministry, as he entered the church, he greeted the usher at the door, an old familiar friend, with a request

for a seat. The usher caught his mood, and replied:

"If you will wait here till the pew-holders are seated I will try to accommodate you."

"Could I get a seat in the gallery?" said Mr. Beecher.

"You might try in the upper gallery."

"But I am a little hard of hearing," said the pastor of Plymouth, putting his hand to his ear, "and want a seat near the pulpit."

All this was done without the suggestion of a smile; the next moment he was in his pulpit-chair, turning over the leaves of his hymn book for his hymns.

Disliked Revising His Manuscript

Beecher hated to revise or correct his published sermons and speeches. Lyman Abbott tells this story: On one occasion, when he had preached a sermon which involved a vigorous attack on Calvinism, and we were about to publish it in the *Christian Union*, I went with him to his house after prayer-meeting on Friday evening, determined that he should revise the sermon.

"There are expressions here," I said to him, "which were well enough when interpreted by

your intonation, but they will have a very different meaning in cold print."

He began to cut here and interpolate there; again and again he threw down the proof in impatience; again and again I took it up and insisted on his continuing the task. At last, sticking the pencil through the proof with a vicious stab, and throwing both upon the table before him, he said:

"Abbott, the thing I wanted to say, I didn't say; and the thing I didn't want to say, I did say; and I don't know how to preach anyhow!"

An April Fool Joke

One April first he found in his morning mail a letter containing only the words "April Fool!"

"Well, well," said Beecher, "I have received many a letter where a man forgot to sign his name. This is the first time I ever knew of a writer signing his name and forgetting to write a letter!"

The Wall Street Christian

Beecher was once denouncing the inconsistency of church members; stopped; imagined an interlocutor calling him to account for ex-

posing the sins of the elect before the world, and thus replied to him:

"Do you not suppose the world knows them better than I do? The world sees this church member in Wall Street, as greedy, as rapacious, as eager, as unscrupulous as his companions. He says to himself, 'Is that Christianity? I will go to church next Sunday and see what the minister says about this.' He goes; and what is the minister saying?"

Then, instantly, Beecher folded one arm across his breast, held an imaginary cat purring comfortably there, as he stroked it with the other hand, and continued:

"The minister is saying: 'Poor pussy, poor pussy, poor pussy!'"

Generosity

One day a beggar approached Mr. Beecher on the street and recited an unusually pathetic story. The preacher was touched, and delving into his pocket pulled out a bank-note and gave it to the beggar without looking at its value. It happened to be a fifty-dollar note. A friend who was with him at the time at once recovered the gift and substituted a dollar bill.

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "it would have been worth it as a lesson in human nature, just

to see what he would have done with it. I dare say he wouldn't have spent it any more sensibly than I shall!"

And straightway he strode into a seed-warehouse and invested the whole fifty in seeds.

A Sharp Rebuke

A devout Western man, having occasion to be in New York over Sunday some years ago, decided that he would improve the opportunity by going over to Brooklyn and hearing Mr. Beecher preach. It was on the eve of a great local campaign, and the Plymouth pastor preached a stirring sermon calling men to their civic duties. This angered the visitor, who believed that politics had no place in the pulpit, and upon reaching his hotel he sat down and wrote to Mr. Beecher:

"*Dear Sir:* I journeyed over from New York this morning to hear you preach, feeling, of course, that I should hear a sermon. Instead of that I got nothing but a political address for my pains. I suppose it means little to you to be told that I was disappointed, but I nevertheless want you to know that there was one man in your congregation who feels that politics has no place in God's temple, and that such political rantings as was your address this morning are

unbecoming to a servant of God. Plainly speaking, sir, you made an ass of yourself.

"Very truly yours,

"——— ———."

Mr. Beecher read the letter, and with his characteristic love of fun wrote in reply:

"*My Dear Mr.* ———*:* I am very sorry you were disappointed at my sermon yesterday morning. Some of us like to think, however, that a man's highest duty as a citizen is essential to Christian character. Still, I regret you didn't like my words, and I regret even more that you think I made an ass of myself. However, you have a great consolation in the fact that you will never be put to the trouble and mortification of making an ass of *your*self. The Lord did that.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Just His Luck

One day in a town where he was to lecture, Mr. Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him whether he was going to hear Beecher lecture.

"I guess so," was the reply.

"Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand."

"That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher; "I always did have to stand when I've heard that man talk!"

Ruined

Mr. Beecher received many begging letters. Once he got one from a young woman who claimed to be in deep distress. He did not answer it. A week later she wrote again, saying that if he did not send her ten dollars at once she would be ruined. The great preacher answered:

"*Dear Madam:* Any woman who will be ruined for ten dollars is ruined already."

His Usefulness Endangered

In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was comparatively unknown in the American pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said:

"Brethren, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in you wouldn't complain about the few I let out!"

Good Tobacco

Unlike his father, the eldest son, Henry B. Beecher, was an inveterate smoker. He used a pipe mostly. Evidently Mr. Beecher did not like the odor of his son's tobacco. One summer he had a small patch on his Peekskill farm planted with the weed and when the little crop was gathered and carefully cured Mr. Beecher packed it and sent it to his son with this note:

"If you must smoke, I want you to smoke good tobacco!"

His Belief in Women Speaking

In the Plymouth congregation there was at one time a woman who was a thorn in the flesh. She had a harsh voice and a stiff manner of speaking, and her long-drawn-out, dull discourses wearied the congregation; but the great preacher was patient. At last, he, too, reached the limit of endurance, and one evening when she sat down after talking nearly half an hour, he arose, and in his deep tones said slowly and impressively:

"Nevertheless, I still believe in women speaking in meeting!"

She spoke no more.

Dangers of Speculation

A member of his church who had lost heavily in Wall Street speculation and failed in business, went to Mr. Beecher and voluntarily took a pledge that he would not speculate for one year. At the end of six months, however, he went to his pastor and asked to be released from his promise.

"I can make more in a week than I am now making in a year," he exclaimed. Mr. Beecher refused to release him.

"Do your speculating on paper," he said, "and at the end of the year tell me how you would have come out if I had let you go on."

At the end of the year the would-be speculator reported:

"If I had actually made those deals I would have failed three times in the six months!"

Losing His Influence

Mr. Beecher one day attended a match game of billiards, and several newspapers criticised him for so doing. A few days later, while he was sitting on the edge of the platform in his lecture-room, a young church official said to him:

"I don't believe there is any harm in bil-

liards, but don't you think you injured your influence by attending the game?"

Beecher tucked one of his legs under the other, and nursing one knee, said slowly:

"I've noticed all my life that ministers who are always taking care of their influence never have much influence to take care of. Very early in my ministry I made up my mind to take care of my work and let the Lord take care of my influence. Those ministers who keep looking behind them to see what has become of their influence remind me of nothing so much as an old cat chasing its own tail!"

His Antipodes

One evening, three months before his death, Beecher turned to a leading member of his congregation, and began talking about his successor.

"When I'm gone—and of course I shall go soon"—he said, "I want you to be careful as to the choice of my successor. Don't get a man like me either physically or mentally, or one who expresses himself as I do. Don't have any man who could be compared with me. If you do, some will say he is better than Beecher; others, that he is not so good. In short, get my antipodes!"

No Use Until It Goes Off

A Revenue Reform Club was organized in Brooklyn in 1881, and after some discussion as to the propriety of asking a clergyman to aid in such a cause, Gen. C. T. Christensen was delegated to write to Henry Ward Beecher. The next day brought a generous check from the great orator and with it the following characteristic note:

"I send a bucket of water to turn the wheel of reform. Of course, I had rather not part with the stuff, but one of the first lessons in finance is that money, like powder, is of no use until it goes off. As long as one keeps it it has no value—only when he exchanges it. I hope the revenue of the Revenue Reform Club may flow in like the Jordan—but unlike the Jordan, not into the Dead Sea."

Wouldn't Let Him In

On one occasion Mr. Beecher missed the lecture committee, and going alone to the hall where he was to hold forth, attempted to enter by the main door and without a ticket. Pressing his way through the crowd, he was stopped by a big policeman who would not let him pass. Eight o'clock came and passed and the audience

became impatient. Beecher stood in the entry behind the policeman keenly enjoying the situation. At last the officer grumbled:

"A man like Beecher thinks he's big enough to make people wait for him."

To which Beecher quietly remarked:

"Well, my friend, I tried hard enough to get in, but you wouldn't let me!"

Cannot Always Broaden a Man

Mr. Beecher was once publicly reproved by a staunch Prohibitionist for being inconsistent in his views to the extent that he preached temperance but drank wine at his own table. This attack angered the friends of the preacher, who tried to persuade him to answer the charge. The Plymouth pastor refused.

"Dr. C—— is a good fellow," was the only comment they could elicit.

"But he is small and narrow," persisted the friends, "and he ought to be broadened."

"Well," said Beecher, "that isn't always possible. Now for instance," he continued, as a merry twinkle came into his eyes, "some time ago Friend C—— criticised me for something I had said. I thought he ought not to have done so, and the next time we met I told him so.

He persisted, and I felt the only way to treat him was to take him as I would an unruly child. So I just took hold of him, laid him face down over my knee, and proceeded to impress him as our fathers did of old. And do you know, I found that the Lord had not made a place on C—— for me to lay my hand on!"

In the laughter which met this sally, Mr. Beecher was heard to say:

"You see, you can't always broaden a man!"

CHAPTER XIX

Some Curious Weddings

Their First Falsehood

"It is said there should be implicit confidence between married folk," said a Fifth Avenue clergyman. "I am a believer in this little injunction, but I am also certain that I once married a couple who tried to deceive not only each other, but even themselves, at the altar. I knew them both. He was a bachelor of seventy; she was a spinster of about sixty. But you would not have thought so when they came to get me to marry them. She was attired like a shop-girl out for her first ball, and his raiment bespoke the youthful dude of twenty-two or twenty-three. His snow-white mustache had been dyed black and waxed until the ends looked like knitting needles.

"I asked them their ages.

"'Thirty-five,' he said gravely.

"'Thirty,' she simpered.

"Now each was aware of deceiving the

other, but I want to tell you both looked positively happy and untroubled over the conscienceless falsehoods with which they had begun their married life."

Lucky Thirteen

"I once officiated at a hoodoo marriage," said a minister of a church in New York City. "One evening I was summoned into the reception-room of my home and confronted by a man who had the designation of 'sporty' written all over him, from the top of his shining hat to the tips of his patent leathers and white spats. With him was a much bediamonded blonde of the vaudeville type. Twirling his cane between the fingers of one hand, he pushed his hat to an angle of forty-five degrees on the back of his head and tipping forward on his toes he began:—

"'Doc, we want to git married.'

"I did not relish his familiarity, and in cold, icy tones asked him why he selected me.

"Without the slightest warning he gave me a resounding slap on the shoulder that almost upset me.

"'Aw, come on, doc,' he bawled, cheerfully, 'help a feller out. This gittin' married ain't no dead easy snap. Can't you fix it up

quick an' make it as slick as when you pump a feller about his religious scruples? I ain't no saint—don't belong to no church, ain't got no pew in any Jew synagogue or Science theatres. I'd a dern sight rather be married in the court-house only fer one reason, an' this is it: I've got a notion in my head that I wanted to be married on the 13th day of the month because 13 is my lucky number. We've been waiting fer the 13th of each month, hopin' to git married on Friday the 13th of any month it would come on. Well, to-day is Friday, the 13th, so we thought we would try to git you because you was the only preacher on Thirteenth Street. That's how it was. Aw, it's up to you, Doc, all right.'

"Who could resist such an argument as that? No matter how free from superstition a man may be, the novelty of such a plea would convince him. So I married them. After the ceremony the bridegroom took out a huge roll of bills and bellowed:—

"'Now, doc, what's the racket?'

"I knew what he meant, but I didn't want to let him know I was so conversant with slang. So I replied:—

"'I did not quite catch your meaning. Be kind enough to state clearly what you mean.'

"'Aw, what's the toll? You know what I mean well enough, old boy,' he answered.

"'Well,' I replied, 'if you wish to know what the fee is I must tell you there is none. That rests with you. Some persons I have married gave me $10, some $25, some $50 and a few $100, but not many the last named sum.'

"'I'll go you a little better,' he said, handing me a bill all crumpled up. 'If that don't fix the business drop me a line and I'll send you its twin.'

"After they left I unfolded the bill and found it to be $500—the quickest, easiest money I ever made. It was a strange coincidence, but it occurred to me that afternoon that I had been an ordained minister just thirteen years to a day."

Under False Pretence

"Oh, these people that want to get married!" exclaimed a clergyman whose church is probably more famous than any other in the world for its romantic weddings. "One afternoon I was called into my reception-room and there I saw a couple whose mission was plain, but hopeless. They looked the part of young persons who are sighing for wedded bliss, but they were young—sadly young. They stated

their ages. He was nineteen; she said she was fifteen. I dismissed them with a lecture.

"One night several months afterward, at the end of the evening service, a young couple came up to me and asked me to marry them. The bridegroom elect wore a mustache of suspiciously vigorous growth—but that thought did not come to me with sufficient force until afterward. The lady in the case was youthful, but her hair was done up in the latest style and her gown trailed on the floor. I questioned them minutely. I even asked:—

"'Have you not been here before?' But the negative was stout and reassuring.

"After the ceremony the newly-made wife turned to me and chirped:—

"'Now, doctor, see what a long skirt does. You would not marry us three months ago because I had on a short skirt.'

"I was astounded, and it made me gasp before I could reply. There was another lecture on the end of my tongue, but the bridegroom cut it short with his bombshell.

"'And see what a mustache does, doctor,' he said with a brazen chuckle. 'And it didn't cost much, either.'

"With that he pulled off the cheapest blond mustache you ever saw. He must have bought it

at a pawn-shop. He was the same youth of nineteen again. I don't know what I would have said, but they nipped my impending outburst by escaping as soon as they could reach the door."

Wholesale Rate

"Old world thrift creeps out even in the marriage ceremony," said a priest who has officiated at many a wedding at Ellis Island. "When immigrants come here they expect to save and they are capable of driving many a sharp bargain. One day before a big liner got in I was approached by four young men who told me they had been in this country for two years. They expected their sweethearts on the steamer that was then coming up the bay.

"'We all came down to get married,' said the spokesman for the quartet. 'We are friends, and we sent for our sweethearts together. We want you to marry us, and we wish to know if you won't marry us cheaper because there are four of us.'

"The idea of club rates in marriage fees struck me as being rather novel. Our church is not much of a stickler for fees and we often marry couples who are poor without charging

anything. However, I deemed it best not to remit the whole charge.

"'Ordinarily I charge two dollars a couple,' I said. 'But since you want the ceremony performed as cheaply as possible I will save you some of the expense. I will do it for only one dollar apiece, which makes four dollars in all.'

"That was entirely satisfactory to them. When the steamer came up to the pier and the girls came ashore and passed the required examination I performed the ceremony. We borrowed the wedding ring of the matron and even avoided that expense. It was certainly a bargain in marriages."

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